

SHAKESPEARE'S
COMEDY OF THE TEMPEST

EDITED BY
WILLIAM J. ROLFE.

NEW YORK
HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS
FRANKLIN SQUARE

SHAKESPEARE'S
COMEDY OF
THE TEMPEST

EDITED, WITH NOTES,

BY

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WITH ENGRAVINGS



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P R E F A C E

THE plan of this edition has been already explained in the Preface to *The Merchant of Venice*. The notes on this play also were written several years ago, but have been carefully revised before being sent to the press.

The "expurgation" of the text consists in the removal of only three or four lines. I might, perhaps, have decided to strike out a few other passages, had they not been so interwoven with the *thought* of the play that too much of the context would have to be sacrificed with them.

The enlarged edition of Abbott's "Shakespearian Grammar" was published just as *The Merchant of Venice* was going to press, and I was able to make but limited use of it in the final revision of my notes. It seems to me the best work on the English of Shakespeare that has yet appeared, and in these notes on *The Tempest* I have referred to it frequently. One of its chief merits is the very full citation of illustrative passages. Shakespeare is thus made his own commentator, and he often proves a far better one than any of his editors or critics.

The "Philadelphia edition," to which I have often referred, is the "Notes of Studies on *The Tempest*, from the Minutes of the Shakespeare Society of Philadelphia for 1864-65," of which sixty copies were privately printed for the society in 1866. It is much to be regretted that these valuable Notes are accessible to only a favored few among the students of Shakespeare, but we may hope that Mr. Furness, the Secretary of the Society, will ere long make them more widely known by incorporating them into his "New Variorum Edition" of this play.

References to the notes have not been inserted *in the text* of either *The Merchant of Venice* or the present play, partly because they would have been so numerous as to disfigure the page, and partly because they seem

to me of no special use. For the school room they are worse than useless. While preparing his lesson, the pupil is not likely to overlook anything in the notes that will help him, and at the recitation, neither the notes themselves, nor anything that may serve as a guide-board to them, should be directly before his eyes.

With regard to this and all other features of this edition, I have been aided by my experience as a teacher, while I have aimed at the same time to keep constantly in view the wants and the tastes of the general reader. The favor with which *The Merchant of Venice* has been received, both by teachers and by the public, encourages me in bringing out this second number of the series, which I trust may prove in some respects even more worthy of their approval.

CARLETON, June 1, 1871

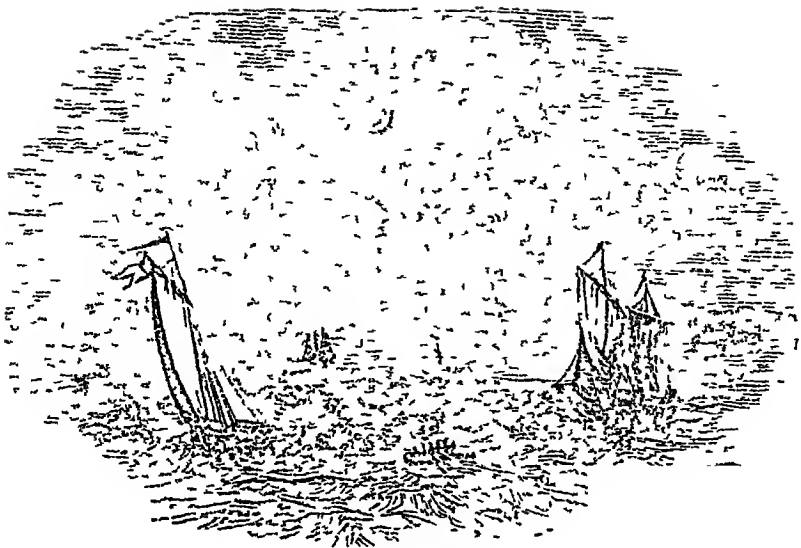


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"BERMOOTHES"

INTRODUCTION

TO

THE TEMPEST.

I HISTORY OF THE PLAY

The Tempest occupies the first nineteen pages of the Folio of 1623, and no earlier edition of the play has been discovered. It is not unlikely, as White has suggested, that "it was made the leading play, as being one of the latest and most admired works of its author." Mr Joseph Hunter* has attempted to show that it was written as early as 1596, but the commentators generally agree that the date cannot be put earlier than 1603, and that it was probably as late as 1611.

* *New Illustrations of Shakespeare* (1845), vol. 1 pp 122-157.

The speech of Gonzalo (ii 1), "I th' commonwealth I would by contraries 'etc.," is manifestly copied from a passage in Harion's translation of Montaigne, which appeared in 1603. We must therefore believe that the play was written after that time unless we adopt the hypothesis that Shakespeare had seen Harion's work in manuscript. The *Accounts of the Revels at Court*, § 76, state that *The Tempest* was performed before King James, 2 on 1st 1611, but the entry, which is as follows, is now known to be a forgery:

<p>In the Kings players</p>	<p>Hallomas nyght was presented att Whithall before y^r Kinges Ma^{tie} a play called the Tempest</p>
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To this positive external testimony, † says White, "are to be added some external probabilities. First in the occurrence of a passage in the Introduction to Ben Jonson's *Bartolomeo Fair*, written between 1612 and 1614, which has a line not necessarily ill numored, at those who have 'a *Servant-mistress*' in their *dramatis personæ*, and 'beget *Tales, Tempests*, and such like *Diollens*,' where the allusion to *The Tempest* is too plain to be mistaken—an allusion which would be made only when the impression of that play was fresh in the public mind. Next, in the publication by Sil[vester] Jourdan of a quarto pamphlet entitled 'A Discovery of the Bermudas otherwise called the Ile of Devils' by Sir Thomas Gates, Sir George Sommers, and Captayne Newport, with diuers others London, 1610. This pamphlet tells of the tempest which scattered the fleet commanded by Somers and Gates, and the happy discovery, by some of the shipwrecked of land which proved to be the Bermudas. It alludes to the general belief that these islands were *never* inhabited by any Christian or Heathen people,' being 'reputed a most *prodigious and extraordinary* place, adding that, nevertheless, those who were cast away upon them, and lived there nine months, found the air temperate and the country 'abundantly fruitful of all fit necessities.' (iv, p 12.) This was written before the forgery was detected

essaries for the sustentation and preservation of man's life' Prospero's command to Ariel 'to fetch dew from the still-vexed Bermoothes' makes it certain that the Bermudas are not the scene of *The Tempest*, though, strangely enough, it has produced the contrary impression on many minds; but this reference to these islands, and allusion to their still-vexed coast connects itself naturally with the publication of Jourdan's narrative. It is highly probable, therefore, that *The Tempest* was written about 1611.

"The thoughtful reader will, however, find in the compact simplicity of its structure, and in the chastened grandeur of its diction and the lofty severity of its tone of thought, tempered although the one is with Shakespeare's own enchanting sweetness, and the other with that most human tenderness which is the peculiar trait of his mind, sufficient evidence that this play is the fruit of his genius in its full maturity."

II THE SOURCES OF THE PLOT

Shakespeare usually founded his plays upon some well-known history or romance, and the plot of *The Tempest*, though the critics have not succeeded in tracing it to its source, was doubtless borrowed from some old Italian or Spanish novel. Collins, the poet, told Thomas Warton that he had seen such a novel with the title of *Aurelio and Isabella*, and that it was "printed in Italian, Spanish, French, and English, in 1588," and Boswell says that a friend of his assured him that, some years before, he had "actually perused an Italian novel which answered to Collins's description." But Collins was insane when he made the statement, and Boswell's friend may have been mistaken; at any rate, the romance has not yet been found. There is an early German play (published in 1618) called *Die Schone Sida*, by Jacob Ayer, a notary of Nuremberg, the plot of which is somewhat like that of *The Tempest*, and this has led several critics to suppose that the two were drawn from the same source, but

the resemblance is hardly close enough to justify the conclusion. If there is any connection between the plays, it is possible that Arver had seen *The Tempest*, or a translation of it.

Although, according to Eschenburg, no reference to Shakespeare has been found in German literature farther back than 1682, it is certain that English plays were translated into German as early as 1600.

"As to the actual scene of *The Tempest*, that is in the realms of fancy. Mr Hunter has contended that Lampedusa, 'an island in the Mediterranean, lying not far out of a ship's course passing from Tunis to Naples,' and which is uninhabited and supposed by sailors to be enchanted, was *Prospero's* place of exile. It may have been, though if it were, we would a little rather not believe so. When the great magician at whose beck it rose from the waters broke his staff, the island sunk, and carried *Caliban* down with it."¹²

III. CRITICAL COMMENTS ON THE PLAY

[From Coleridge's *Notes on Shakespeare* †]

The Tempest is a specimen of the purely romantic drama, in which the interest is not historical, or dependent upon fidelity of portraiture or the natural connection of events, but is a birth of the imagination, and rests only on the coaptation and union of the elements granted to, or assumed by, the poet. It is a species of drama which owes no allegiance to time or space and in which, therefore, errors of chronology and geography—no mortal sins in any species—are venial faults, and count for nothing. It addresses itself entirely to the imaginative faculty, and although the illusion may be assisted by the effect on the senses of the complicated scenery and decorations of modern times, yet this sort of assistance is dangerous. For the principal and only genuine excitement ought to come from within—from the moved and sympathetic imagination; whereas, where so much is address-

¹² White. † Coleridge's Works (Harper's ed.), vol. iv. pp. 74 foll.

ed to the mere external senses of seeing and hearing, the spiritual vision is apt to languish, and the attraction from without will withdraw the mind from the proper and only legitimate interest which is intended to spring from within

The romance opens with a busy scene admirably appropriate to the kind of drama, and giving, as it were, the key-note to the whole harmony. It prepares and initiates the excitement required for the entire piece, and yet does not demand any thing from the spectators which their previous habits had not fitted them to understand. It is the bustle of a tempest, from which the real horrors are abstracted, therefore it is poetical, though not in strictness natural, and is purposely restrained from concentrating the interest on itself, but used merely as an induction or tuning for what is to follow.

In the second scene, Prospero's speeches, till the entrance of Ariel, contain the finest example I remember of retrospective narration for the purpose of exciting immediate interest, and putting the audience in possession of all the information necessary for the understanding of the plot. Observe, too, the perfect probability of the moment chosen by Prospero (the very Shakespeare himself, as it were, of the tempest) to open out the truth to his daughter, his own romantic bearing, and how completely any thing that might have been disagreeable to us in the magician is reconcilable and shaded in the humanity and natural feelings of the father. In the very first speech of Miranda the simplicity and tenderness of her character are at once laid open—it would have been lost in direct contact with the agitation of the first scene.

Ariel has in everything the airy tint which gives the name. And it is worthy of remark that Miranda is never directly brought into comparison with Ariel, lest the natural and human of the one and the supernatural of the other should tend to neutralize each other. Caliban, on the other hand, is all earth, all condensed and gross in feelings and images, he has the dawns of understanding, without reason or the

moral sense, and in him, as in some brute animals, this advance to the intellectual faculties, without the moral sense, is nullified by the appearance of vice. For it is in the primacy of the moral being only that man is truly human, in his intellectual powers he is certainly approached by the brutes, and, man's whole system duly considered, those powers cannot be considered other than means to an end, that is, to morality.

In this play are admirably sketched the vices generally accompanying a low degree of civilization, and in the first scene of the second act Shakespeare has, as in many other places shown the tendency in bad men to indulge in scorn and contemptuous expressions, as a mode of getting rid of their own uneasy feelings of inferiority to the good, and also, by making the good ridiculous, of rendering the transition of others to wickedness easy. Shakespeare never puts habitual scorn into the mouths of other than bad men, as here in the instance of Antonio and Sebastian. The scene of the intended assassination of Alonso and Gonzalo is an exact counterpart of the scene between Macbeth and his lady, only pitched in a lower key throughout, as designed to be frustrated or concealed and exhibiting the same profound management in the manner of familiarizing a mind not immediately recipient to the suggestion of guilt, by associating the proposed crime with something ludicrous or out of place—something not habitually matter of reverence. By this kind of sophistry the imagination and fancy are first bribed to contemplate the suggested act, and at length to become acquainted with it. Observe how the effect of this scene is heightened by contrast of another counterpart of it in low life—that between the conspirators, Stephano, Caliban, and Trinculo, in the second scene of the third act, in which there are the same essential characteristics.

In this play, and in this scene of it, are also shown the springs of the vulgar in politics—of that kind of politics which

is inwoven with human nature In his treatment of this subject, wherever it occurs Shakespeare is quite peculiar In other writers we find the particular opinions of the individual, but Shakespeare never promulgates any party tenets He is always the philosopher and the moralist, but, at the same time, with a profound veneration for all the established institutions of society, and for those classes which form the permanent elements of the state—especially never introducing a professional character, as such, otherwise than as respectable If he must have any name, he should be styled a philosophical aristocrat, delighting in those hereditary institutions which have a tendency to bind one age to another, and in that distinction of ranks of which, although few may be in possession, all enjoy the advantages Hence, again, you will observe the good nature with which he seems always to make sport with the passions and follies of a mob, as with an irrational animal He is never angry with it, but hugely content with holding up its absurdities to its face, and sometimes you may trace a tone of almost affectionate superiority, something like that in which a father speaks of the rogueries of a child See the good-humoured way in which he describes Stephano, passing from the most licentious freedom to absolute despotism over Trinculo and Caliban The truth is, Shakespeare's characters are all *genera* intensely individualized, the results of meditation, of which observation supplied the drapery and the colours necessary to combine them with each other. He had virtually surveyed all the great component powers and impulses of human nature—had seen that their different combinations and subordinations were in fact the individualizers of men, and showed how their harmony was produced by reciprocal disproportions of excess or deficiency The language in which these truths are expressed was not drawn from any set fashion, but from the profoundest depths of his moral being, and is therefore for all ages

[From *Selections from Lectures on Dramatic Literature*, &c.]

The Midsummer Night's Dream and *The Tempest* may be so far compared together that in both the influence of a wonderful world of spirits is interwoven with the turmoil of human passions and with the farcical adventures of folly. *The Midsummer Night's Dream* is certainly an earlier production, but *The Tempest*, according to all appearance, was written in Shakespeare's later days—hence most critics, on the supposition that the poet must have continued to improve with increasing maturity of mind, have honoured the last piece with a marked preference. I cannot however, altogether concur with them—the intrinsic merits of these two works are, in my opinion, pretty nearly balanced, and a predilection for the one or the other can only be governed by personal taste. In profound and original characterization the superiority of *The Tempest* is obvious—as a whole, we must always admire the masterly skill which the poet has here displayed in the economy of his means, and the dexterity with which he has disguised his preparations—the scaffoldings for the wonderful aerial structure.

The Tempest has little action or progressive movement, the union of Ferdinand and Miranda is settled at their first interview and Prospero merely throws apparent obstacles in their way—the shipwrecked band go leisurely about the island—the attempts of Sebastian and Antonio on the life of the King of Naples, and the plot of Caliban and the drunken sailors against Prospero are nothing but a feint, for we foresee that they will be completely frustrated by the magical skill of the latter, nothing remains, therefore, but the punishment of the guilty by dreadful sights which harrow up their consciences, and then the discovery and final reconciliation. Yet this want of movement is so admirably concealed by the most varied display of the fascinations of poetry and the ex-

hilaration of mirth, the details of the execution are so very attractive, that it requires no small degree of attention to perceive that the *dénouement* is, in some degree, anticipated in the exposition. The history of the loves of Ferdinand and Miranda, developed in a few short scenes, is enchantingly beautiful—an affecting union of chivalrous magnanimity on the one part, and on the other of the virgin openness of a heart which, brought up far from the world on an uninhabited island, has never learned to disguise its innocent movements. The wisdom of the princely hermit Prospero has a magical and mysterious air, the disagreeable impression left by the black falsehood of the two usurpers is softened by the honest gossiping of the old and faithful Gonzalo, Trinculo and Stephano, two good-for-nothing drunkards, find a worthy associate in Caliban, and Ariel hovers sweetly over the whole as the personified genius of the wonderful fable.

Caliban has become a by-word as the strange creation of a poetical imagination. A mixture of gnome and savage, half dæmon, half brute, in his behaviour we perceive at once the traces of his native disposition, and the influence of Prospero's education. The latter could only unfold his understanding, without, in the slightest degree, taming his rooted malignity. It is as if the use of reason and human speech were communicated to an awkward ape. In inclination Caliban is malicious, cowardly, false, and base, and yet he is essentially different from the vulgar knaves of a civilized world, as portrayed occasionally by Shakespeare. He is rude, but not vulgar, he never falls into the prosaic and low familiarity of his drunken associates, for he is, in his way, a poetical being, he always speaks in verse. He has picked up every thing dissonant and thorny in language to compose out of it a vocabulary of his own, and of the whole variety of nature, the hateful, repulsive, and pettily deformed have alone been impressed on his imagination. The magical world of spirits, which the staff of Prospero has assembled on the island, casts

men's a faint reflection into his mind, as a ray of light which falls into a dark cave, incapable of communicating to it either heat or illumination, serves merely to set in motion the poisonous vapours. The delineation of this monster is throughout inconceivably consistent and profound, and, notwithstanding its hatefulness, by no means hurtful to our feelings, as the honour of human nature is left untouched.

In the zephyr-like Ariel the image of air is not to be mistaken—his name even bears an allusion to it, as, on the other hand, Caliban signifies the heavy element of earth. Yet they are neither of them simple, allegorical personifications, but beings individually determined. In general we find in *The Merchant of Venice*, *A Night's Dream*, in *The Tempest*, in the magical part of *Macbeth*, and wherever Shakespeare avails himself of the popular belief in the invisible presence of spirits, and the possibility of coming in contact with them, a profound view of the inward life of Nature and her mysterious springs, which, it is true, can never be altogether unknown to the genuine poet, as poetry is altogether incompatible with mechanical physics, but which few have possessed in an equal degree with Dante and himself.

1. In Mr. Froude's "*Characteristics of Henry VIII.*"

We might have deemed it impossible to go beyond Viola, Perdita, and Ophelia as pictures of feminine beauty, to exceed the one in tender delicacy, the other in ideal grace, and the last in simplicity, if Shakespeare had not done this, and if none could have done it. Had he never created a Miranda, we should never have been made to feel how completely the purely natural and the purely ideal can blend into each other.

The character of Miranda resolves itself into the very elements of womanhood. She is beautiful, modest, and tender, and she is these only; they comprise her whole being, external and internal. She is so perfectly unsophisticated, so del-

icately refined, that she is all but ethereal. Let us imagine any other woman placed beside Miranda—even one of Shakespeare's own loveliest and sweetest creations—there is not one of them that could sustain the comparison for a moment, not one that would not appear somewhat coarse or artificial when brought into immediate contact with this pure child of nature, this “Eve of an enchanted Paradise.”

What, then, has Shakespeare done?—“O wondrous skill and sweet wit of the man!”—he has removed Miranda far from all comparison with her own sex, he has placed her between the demi-demon of earth and the delicate spirit of air. The next step is into the ideal and supernatural, and the only being who approaches Miranda, with whom she can be contrasted, is Ariel. Beside the subtle essence of this ethereal sprite, this creature of elemental light and air, that “ran upon the winds, rode the curl'd clouds, and in the colours of the rainbow lived,” Miranda herself appears a palpable reality, a woman, “breathing thoughtful breath,” a woman, walking the earth in her mortal loveliness, with a heart as frail-strung, as passion-touched, as ever fluttered in a female bosom.

I have said that Miranda possesses merely the elementary attributes of womanhood, but each of these stands in her with a distinct and peculiar grace. She resembles nothing upon earth, but do we therefore compare her, in our own minds, with any of those fabled beings with which the fancy of ancient poets peopled the forest depths, the fountain or the ocean?—oread or dryad fleet, sea-maid, or naiad of the stream? We cannot think of them together. Miranda is a consistent, natural human being. Our impression of her nymph-like beauty, her peerless grace, and purity of soul, has a distinct and individual character. Not only is she exquisitely lovely, being what she is, but we are made to feel that she *could* not possibly be otherwise than as she is portrayed. She has never beheld one of her own sex, she has never

caught from society one imitated or artificial grace. The impressions which have come to her, in her enchanted solitude, are of heaven and nature, not of the world and its vanities. She has sprung up into beauty beneath the eye of her father, the princely magician, her companions have been the rocks and woods, the many-shaped, many tinted clouds, and the silent stars. Her playmates the ocean billows, that stooped their foam to my crests, and ran rippling to kiss her feet. Ariel and his attendant spirits hovered over her head, ministered dutifully to her every wish and presented before her pageants of beauty and grandeur. The very air, made vocal by her father's art, floated in music around her. If we can presuppose such a situation with all its circumstances, do we not behold in the character of Miranda not only the credible, but the natural, the necessary results of such a situation? She retains her woman's heart, for that is unalterable and inalienable as a part of her being, but her deportment, her looks, her language, her thoughts—all these from the supernatural and poetical circumstances around her, assume a cast of the pure ideal, and to us, who are in the secret of her human and pitying nature, nothing can be more charming and consistent than the effect which she produces upon others, who, never having beheld any thing resembling her, approach her as "a wonder," as something celestial —

Most sure, the goddess on whom these airs attend!

And age n —

What is this maid?

Is she the goddess who hath severed us,
And brought us thus together?

Contrasted with the impression of her refined and dignified beauty, and its effect on all beholders, is Miranda's own soft simplicity, her virgin innocence, her total ignorance of the conventional forms and language of society. It is most natural that in a being thus constituted, the first tears should spring from compassion, suffering with those that she saw

suffer," and that her first sigh should be offered to a love at once fearless and submissive, delicate and fond. She has no taught scruples of honour like Juliet, no coy concealments like Viola, no assumed dignity standing in its own defence. Her bashfulness is less a quality than an instinct, it is like the self-folding of a flower, spontaneous and unconscious. I suppose there is nothing of the kind in poetry equal to the scene between Ferdinand and Miranda. In Ferdinand, who is a noble creature, we have all the chivalrous magnanimity with which man, in a high state of civilization, disguises his real superiority, and does humble homage to the being of whose destiny he disposes, while Miranda, the mere child of nature, is struck with wonder at her own new emotions. Only conscious of her own weakness as a woman, and ignorant of those usages of society which teach us to dissemble the real passion, and assume (and sometimes abuse) an unreal and transient power, she is equally ready to place her life, her love, her service beneath his feet.

As Miranda, being what she is, could only have had a Ferdinand for a lover, and an Ariel for her attendant, so she could have had with propriety no other father than the majestic and gifted being who fondly claims her as "a thread of his own life—nay, that for which he lives." Prospero, with his magical powers, his superhuman wisdom, his moral worth and grandeur, and his kingly dignity, is one of the most sublime visions that ever swept with ample robes, pale brow, and sceptred hand, before the eye of fancy. He controls the invisible world, and works through the agency of spirits, not by any evil and forbidden compact, but solely by superior might of intellect—by potent spells gathered from the lore of ages, and abjured when he mingles again as a man with his fellow-men. He is as distinct a being from the necromancers and astrologers celebrated in Shakespeare's age as can well be imagined * and all the wizards of poetry and fiction, even

* Such as Cornelius Agrippa, Michael Scott, Dr Dee. The last was the contemporary of Shakespeare.

Traust and St Leon sink into commonplaces before the princely, the philosophic, the benevolent Prospero

[From Hazlitt's "*Characters of Shakespeare's Plays* *]

The Tempest is one of the most original and perfect of Shakespeare's productions, and he has shown in it all the variety of his powers. It is full of grace and grandeur. The human and imaginary characters, the dramatic and the grotesque, are blended together with the greatest art, and without any appearance of it. Though he has here given "to airy nothing a local habitation and a name," yet that part which is only the fantastic creation of his mind has the same palpable texture, and coheres "semblably" with the rest. As the preternatural part has the air of reality, and almost haunts the imagination with a sense of truth, the real characters and events partake of the wildness of a dream. The stately magician Prospero, driven from his dukedom, but around whom (so potent is his art) airy spirits throng numberless to do his bidding, his daughter Miranda ("worthy of that name"), to whom all the power of his art points, and who seems the goddess of the isle: the princely Ferdinand, cast by fate upon the haven of his happiness in this idol of his love, the delicate Ariel, the savage Caliban, half brute half demon: the drunken ship's crew—are all connected parts of the story, and can hardly be spared from the place they fill. Even the local scenery is of a piece and character with the subject. Prospero's enchanted island seems to have risen up out of the sea, the airy music, the tempest-tossed vessel, the turbulent waves all have the effect of the landscape background of some fine picture. Shakespeare's pencil is (to use an allusion of his own) "like the dyer's hand, subdued to what it works in." Everything is him, though it partakes of "the liberty of wit," is also subjected to "the law" of the understanding. For instance, even the drunken sailors, who are made

* 111. ed. by Wm Carew Hazlitt, London, 1869 p. 82 foll.

reeling ripe, share, in the disorder of their minds and bodies, in the tumult of the elements, and seem on shore to be as much at the mercy of chance as they were before at the mercy of the wind and waves. These fellows with their sea-wit are the least to our taste of any part of the play, but they are as like drunken sailors as they can be, and are an indirect foil to Caliban, whose figure acquires a classical dignity in the comparison.

The character of Caliban is generally thought (and justly so) to be one of the author's masterpieces. It is not indeed pleasant to see this character on the stage, any more than it is to see the god Pan personated there. But in itself it is one of the wildest and most abstracted of all Shakespeare's characters, whose deformity, whether of body or mind, is redeemed by the power and truth of the imagination displayed in it. It is the essence of grossness, but there is not a particle of vulgarity in it. Shakespeare has described the brutal mind of Caliban in contact with the pure and original forms of nature; the character grows out of the soil where it is rooted, uncontrolled, uncouth, and wild, uncramped by any of the meanesses of custom. It is "of the earth, earthy." It seems almost to have been dug out of the ground, with a soul instinctively superadded to it answering to its wants and origin. Vulgarity is not natural coarseness, but conventional coarseness, learned from others, contrary to, or without an entire conformity of natural power and disposition, as fashion is the commonplace affectation of what is elegant and refined without any feeling of the essence of it. Schlegel, the admirable German critic of Shakespeare, observes that Caliban is a poetical character, and "always speaks in blank verse."

In conducting Stephano and Trinculo to Prospero's cell, Caliban shows the superiority of natural capacity over greater knowledge and greater folly, and in a former scene, when Ariel frightens them with his music, Caliban, to encourage them, accounts for it in the eloquent poetry of the senses.

Be not afraid, the isle is full of noises,
 Sounds and sweet airs, that give delight and hurt not
 So numerous a thousand twangling instruments
 Will hum about mine ears, and sometimes voices
 That, if I then had wak'd after long sleep,
 Will make me sleep again and then, in dreaming,
 The clouds, methought, would open, and show riches
 Ready to drop upon me, that when I wak'd
 I cried to dream again

This is not more beautiful than it is true. The poet here shows us the savage with the simplicity of a child. Shake speare had to paint the human animal rude and without choice in its pleasures, but not without the sense of pleasure or some germin of the affections. Master Barnardine, in *Measure for Measure*, the savage of civilized life, is an admirable philosophical counterpart to Caliban.

Shakespeare has, as it were by design, drawn off from Caliban the elements of whatever is ethereal and refined, to compound them in the unearthly mould of Ariel. Nothing was ever more finely conceived than this contrast between the material and the spiritual, the gross and delicate. Ariel is imaginary power, the swiftness of thought personified. When told to make good speed by Prospero, he says, "I drink the air before me." This is something like Puck's boast on a similar occasion, 'I'll put a girdle round about the earth in forty minutes.' But Ariel differs from Puck in having a fellow feeling in the interests of those he is employed about. How requisite is the following dialogue between him and Prospero.

<p><i>Ariel</i> That if you now behold them your affections Would become tender <i>Prospero</i> Most thou think so, spirit? <i>Ariel</i> Mine would, sir, ere I hurry <i>Prospero</i> And mine shall. 'Tis a thine which art but air, a touch, a feeling Of her side not mine, and shall not myself,</p>	<p>Your charm so strongly works them, Most thou think so, spirit? And mine shall.</p>
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One of their kind, that relish all as sharply
 Passion as they, be kinder moved than thou art ?

It has been observed that there is a peculiar charm in the songs introduced in Shakespeare, which, without conveying any distinct images, seem to recall all the feelings connected with them, like snatches of half-forgotten music heard indistinctly and at intervals. There is this effect produced by Ariel's songs, which (as we are told) seem to sound in the air, and as if the person playing them were invisible.

[From Franz Honn's "*Shakespeare's Schauspieler Erläutert*"*]

In Prospero we have a delineation of peculiar profundity. He was once not altogether a just prince, not thoroughly a just man, but he had the disposition to be both. His soul thirsted after knowledge, his mind, sincere in itself, after love, and his fancy, after the secrets of nature, but he forgot, what a prince should least of all forget, that, upon this moving earth, superior acquirements, in order to stand firmly, must be exercised carefully, that the world is full of enemies who can only be subdued by a watchful power and prudence, and that in certain situations the armour ought never to be put off. Thus it became easy for his nearest relation, his brother, with the help of a powerful neighbouring king who could not resist the offered but unjustifiable advantage, to depose him from his dukedom. But as the pure morals of the prince, although they were perhaps but lazily exercised in behalf of his subjects, had nevertheless gained him their love, and the usurper did not dare to make an attack on the lives of the fallen, Prospero saved himself, his daughter, and a part of his magical books, upon a desert island. Here he becomes, what, in its highest sense, he had not yet been, a father and prince. His knowledge extends. Nature listens to him, perhaps because he learned to know and love her more inwardly. Zephyr-like spirits, full of a tender foliolesome humour,

* Knight's translation, with a few verbal changes.

and rude earth-born gnomes, are compelled to serve him. The whole island is full of wonders, but only such as the fancy willingly receives, of sounds and songs, of merry helpers and comical tormentors. and Prospero shows his great human wisdom particularly in the manner with which he, as the spiritual centre, knows how to conduct his intercourse with friends and foes.

In Caliban there is a curious mixture of devil, man, and beast. He desires evil, not for the sake of evil or from mere wickedness, but because it is *figrant*, and because he feels himself oppressed. He is convinced that gross injustice has been done him, and thus he does not rightly feel that what he desires may be wicked. He knows perfectly well how powerful Prospero is, whose art may perhaps even subdue his maternal god Setebos, and that he himself is unfortunately nothing but a slave. Nevertheless, he cannot cease to curse, and certainly with the gusto of a virtuoso in this more than liberal art. Whenever he can find most base and disgusting he surrounds almost artistically with the most inharmonious murmuring and hissing words, and then wishes them to fall upon Prospero and his lovely daughter. He knows very well that all this will help him nothing, but that at night he will have "cramps," and "side-stitches," and be "pinched by urchins," but still he continues to pour out new curses. He has acquired one fixed idea—that the island belonged to his mother and, consequently, now to himself, the crown prince. The greatest horrors are pleasant to him, for he feels them only as jests which break the monotony of his slavery. He laments that he had been prevented from completing a frightful sin. "Would it had been done," etc., and the thought of a murder gives him a real enjoyment, perhaps chiefly on account of the noise and confusion that it would produce.

Recognizing all this, yet our feelings towards him never get to a thorough hatred. We find him only laughably horrible, and as a marvellous, though at bottom a feeble monster,

highly interesting, for we foresee from the first that none of his threats will be fulfilled. Caliban could scarcely at any time have been made out more in detail, but we are well enabled to seize upon the idea of his inner physiognomy from the naked sketch of his external form. He is, with all his foolish rage and wickedness, not entirely vulgar, and though he allows himself to be imposed upon even by his miserable comrades (perhaps only because they are men, and, if ugly, yet handsomer than himself), he everywhere shows more prudence, which is only checked because he considers himself more powerful than he really is. Indeed, he stands far higher than Trinculo and Stephano.

Opposed to him stands Ariel, by no means an ethereal, featureless angel, but as a real airy and frolicsome spirit, agreeable and open, but also capricious, roguish, and, with his other qualities, somewhat mischievous. He is thankful to Prospero for his release from the most confined of all confined situations, but his gratitude is not a natural virtue (we might almost add, not an airy virtue), therefore he must (like man) be sometimes reminded of his debt and held in check. Only the promise of his freedom in two days restores him again to his amiability, and he then finds pleasure in executing the plans of his master with a delightful activity.

We noticed in passing "the featureless angel," and it requires no further indication where to find such beings, for no one will deny that these immortal winged children (so charming in many old German pictures), with their somewhat dull immortal harps, and, if possible, their still more dull and immortal anthems cause a not less immortal tediousness in the works of many poets. Shakespeare did not fall into this error, and it is in the highest degree attractive to observe the various and safe modes in which he manages the marvellous. In the storm he achieves his object by the simplest means, while, as has been already indicated, he represents Nature herself, and certainly justly, as the greatest miracle. When

he has once in his own gentle way led us to believe that Prospero, 'through his high art, is able to overrule Nature—and how willingly do we believe in these higher powers of man'—how completely natural, and, to a certain degree, what a rich pleasant trifles, are all the wonders which we see playing around us! These higher powers, also are not confined to Prospero alone. Ferdinand and Miranda have, without any enchanted wand or any prolix instruction, full superiority over the wonders of nature, and they allow them to pass around them merely as a delightful drama, for the highest wonder is in their own breasts—love, the pure human, and even on that account holy, love.

In the pure mind and the firm heart, as they are shown in old Gonzalo, are armed with an almost similar power. We never poet, a truly moral man is always amiable, powerful, agreeable, and quietly wards off the snares laid for him. This old Gonzalo is so entirely occupied with his duty, in which alone he finds his pleasure, that he scarcely notices the gnawings of wit with which his opponents persecute him: or, if he observes easily and firmly repels them. What wit indeed has he to bear, who in a sinking ship, has power remaining to soothe himself and others with genuine humour? Shakespeare seems scarcely to recognize a powerless virtue and he depicts it only in cases of need, so everything closes satisfactorily. The pure poetry of nature and genius inspires us, and when we hear Prospero recite his far too modest epilogue, after laying down his enchanted wand, we have no wish to turn our minds to any frivolous thoughts, for the magic we have experienced was too charming and too mighty not to be enduring.

[The *Tempest*'s Interest in the Plot]

The *Tempest* is one of those works for which no other production of the author's prolific fancy could have prepared his reader. It is wholly of a different cast of temper, and mood

of disposition, from those so conspicuous in his gayer comedies, while even the ethical dignity and poetic splendour of *The Merchant of Venice* could not well lead the critic to anticipate the solemn grandeur, the unrivalled harmony and grace, the bold originality, and the grave beauty of *The Tempest*.

There are several respects in which the play thus stands alone as distinguishable in character from any other of its author's varied creations. Without being his work of greatest power, not equalling several other of the dramas in depth of passion, or in the exhibition of the working of the affections, surpassed by others in brilliancy of poetic fancy or exquisite delicacies of expression, it is nevertheless among the most perfect (perhaps, in fact, the most perfect) of all, as a work of art, of the most unbroken unity of effect and sustained majesty of intellect. It is, too—if we can speak of degrees of originality in the productions of this most creative of all poets—the most purely original of his conceptions, deriving nothing of any consequence from any other source for the plot, and without any prototype in literature of the more important personages, or any model for the thoughts and language, beyond the materials presented by actual and living human nature, to be raised and idealized into the “wild and wondrous” forms of Ariel and Caliban, of the majestic Prospero, and, above all, of his peerless daughter. Miranda is a character blending the truth of nature with the most exquisite refinement of poetic fancy, unrivalled even in Shakespeare's own long and beautiful series of portraiture of feminine excellence, and paralleled only by the Eve of Milton, who, I cannot but think, was indirectly indebted for some of her most fascinating attributes to the solitary daughter of Prospero.

Caliban, a being without example or parallel in poetic invention, degraded in mind, as well as in moral affections, below the level of humanity, and yet essentially and purely poetical in all his conceptions and language, is a creation to whose originality and poetic truth every critic, from Dryden

downward, has paid homage. Nor is it a less striking peculiarity that the only buffoon characters and dialogue in the drama are those of the sailors, who seem to be introduced for the single purpose of contrasting the grossness and lowness of civilized vice with the nobler forms of savage and untutored depravity.

It is partly on account of this perfect novelty of invention, and probably still more from the fairy and magical machinery of the plot, that the later critics have designated *The Tempest* as specially belonging to the Romantic Drama. Yet to me it appears, not only in its structure, but in its taste and feeling, to bear a more classical character, and to be more assimilated to the higher Grecian drama, in its spirit, than any other of its author's works, or indeed any other poem of his age. The rules of the Greek stage, as to the unities of time and place, are fully complied with. This cannot well be the result of accident, for in an age of classical translation and learned (even pedantic) imitation, it needed no classical learning to make the unities known to any dramatic author, and as Shakspeare had, in his other plays, totally rejected them, he would seem here to have expressly designed to conform his plot to their laws. But there also appears to me to be something in the poetic character and tone of the drama, approaching to the spirit and manner of the Greek dramatic poetry, which can certainly not be ascribed to intentional imitation, any more than to the unconscious resemblance often produced by habitual familiarity with favourite models. It has nothing of the air of learned and elaborate imitation which, in the works of Tasso, and Milton, and Gray, make the scholar everywhere as perceptible as the poet. But it is the resemblance of solemn thought of calm dignity, of moral wisdom, of the dramatic dialogue in its most majestic form, passing now into the lyrical and now into the didactic or ethical. This resemblance of taste and feeling is rendered more striking by a similar bold and free invention and combination of

poetic diction, making the English language as flexible as the Greek to every shade of thought. In all these respects, the resemblance to antiquity goes just far enough to show that its result is not artificial or intentional, but the result of the same mental causes operating upon the author's poetic temperament and taste at the time, which predominated in forming the "lofty grave tragedians" of ancient Athens.



ARIEL AS A SEA NYMPH



CLIFF

THE TEMPEST

DRAMATIC PERSONÆ

ALONZO, King of Naples.
 ANTONIO, his Brother.
 PROSPERO, the real Duke of Milan.
 A TRIPOLITAN, his Brother, the usurping Duke
 of Milan.
 FERDINAND, son of the King of Naples.
 GONZALO, his honest old Counsellor.
 ANTONIO, } Lords
 FERDINAND, }
 CALIBAN, a savage and deformed Slave.
 TRIPOLITAN, a Jew.
 SEAFARERS, a drunken Bunch.

Master of a Ship, Boatman, Mariners.
 MIRANDA, daughter to Prospero.
 ARILL, an evil Spirit.
 ILLUSIONS }
 CHORUS } presented by Spirits.
 ILLUSIONS }
 VERBALS }
 REVERENDS }
 OLDER Spirits attending on Prospero.
 SEAFARERS, a drunken Bunch.
 SEAFARERS, a drunken Bunch.



ACT I

SCENE I. *On a ship at sea a tempestuous noise of thunder and lightning heard*

Enter a Ship-master and a Boatswain

Master Boatswain! *Ah, cheer*

Boatswain Here, master: what cheer? *no cheer*

Master Good, speak to th' mariners: fall to't, yarely, or we run ourselves aground: bestir, bestir! *[Exit]*

Enter Mariners

Boatswain Heigh my hearts ! cheerly, cheerly, my hearts !
 yare, yare ! Take in the topsail & Tend to th' master's whistle
 Blow till thou burst thy wind, if room enough !

*Enter ALONSO, SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, FERDINAND, GONZALO,
 and others*

Alonso Good boatswain, have care Where's the master ?
 Play the men

Boatswain I pray now, keep below

Antonio Where is the master, boatswain ?

Boatswain Do you not hear him ? You mar our labour.
 Keep your cabins, you do assist the storm

Gonzalo Nay, good, be patient

Boatswain When the sea is Hence ! What cares these
 sailors for the name of king ? To cabin ! Silence ! trouble
 us no'

Gonzalo Good yet remember whom thou hast aboard

Boatswain None that I love more than myself You are
 a Counsellor if you can command these elements to silence,
 and work the peace of the present we will not hand a rope
 more Use your authority if you cannot give thanks you
 have liv'd so long and make yourself ready in your cabin
 for the mischance of the hour, if it so hap — Cheerly, good
 hearts ! — Out of our way I say [Exit]

Gonzalo I have great comfort from this fellow : methinks
 he hath no dying mark upon him, his complexion is per-
 fect galloway Stand fast, good Fate to his hanging ! Make
 the rope of his destiny our cable, for our own doth little ad-
 vantage ! If he be not born to be hang'd, our case is miser-
 able. [Exit]

Enter Boatswain

Boatswain Down with the topmast ! yare ! lower, lower !

Bring her to try w' th' main-course. [*A cry within*] A plague upon this howling! they are louder than the weather or our office —

Enter SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, and GONZALO

Yet again! what do you here? Shall we give o'er, and drown?
Have you a mind to sink?

Sebastian A plague on your throat, you bawling, blasphemous, incharitable dog!

Boatswain Work you, then

Antonio Hang, cur! hang, you whoreson, insolent noisemaker! We are less afraid to be drown'd than thou art

Gonzalo I'll warrant him for drowning, though the ship were no stronger than a nutshell

Boatswain Lay her a-hold, a-hold! Set her two courses Off to sea again lay her off

Enter Mariners wet

Mariners All lost! to prayers, to prayers! all lost

Boatswain. What! must our mouths be cold?

Gonzalo The king and prince at prayers! Let's assist them,

For our case is as theirs

Sebastian I'm out of patience

Antonio We are merely cheated of our lives by drunkards —

This wide-chapp'd rascal, — would thou mightst lie drowning

The washing of ten tides!

Gonzalo He'll be hang'd yet,

Though every drop of water swear against it,

And gape at wid'st to glut him

[*A confused noise within* "Mercy on us!"]

"We split, we split!" — "Farewell, my wife and children!" —

"Farewell, brother!" — "We split, we split, we split!" —]

Antonio Let's all sink w' th' king

[*Exit*]

Sebastian Let's take leave of him [Exit

Gerzalo Now would I give a thousand furlongs of sea for
an acre of barren ground, long heath, brown furze, any thing
The wills above be done' but I would fain die a dry death
[Exit

SCENE II *The island Before PROSPERO's cell*

Enter PROSPERO and MIRANDA

Miranda If by your art, my dearest father, you have
Put the wild waters in this roar, allay them /
The sky, it seems, would pour down stinking pitch,
But that the sea, mounting to th' welkin's cheek,
Dashes the fire out O, I have suffered
With those that I saw suffer! A brave vessel,
Who had, no doubt, some noble creature in her,
Dash'd all to pieces O, the cry did knock
Against my very heart! Poor souls, they perish'd!
Had I been any god of power, I would
Have sunk the sea within the earth, or ere
It should the good ship so have swallow'd and
The fraughting souls within her

Prospero Be collected
No more amazement Tell your piteous heart
There's no harm done

Miranda O, woe the day!

Prospero No harm.
I have done nothing but in care of thee
(Of thee, my dear one! thee my daughter!), who
Art ignorant of what thou art, naught knowing
Of whence I am, nor that I am more better
Than *Prospero* master of a full poor cell,
And thy no greater father.

Miranda More to know
D-d never meddle with my thoughts

Prospero 'Tis time

I should inform thee farther Lend thy hand,
And pluck my magic garment from me — So

[Lays down his mantle]
Lie there, my art — Wipe thou thine eyes, have comfort
The direful spectacle of the wrack, which touch'd
The very virtue of compassion in thee,
I have with such provision in mine art,
So safely order'd, that there is no soul—
No, not so much perdition as an hair
Betid to any creature in the vessel
Which thou heard'st cry, which thou saw'st sink Sit down,
For thou must now know farther

Miranda You have often
Begun to tell me what I am, but stopp'd,
And left me to a bootless inquisition,
Concluding,—“Stay, not yet”

Prospero The hour's now come,
The very minute bids thee ope thine ear
Obey, and be attentive Canst thou remember
A time before we came unto this cell?
I do not think thou canst, for then thou wast not
Out three years old

Miranda Certainly, sir, I can

Prospero By what? by any other house or person?
Of any thing the image tell me that
Hath kept with thy remembrance

Miranda 'Tis far off,
And rather like a dream than an assurance
That my remembrance warrants Had I not
Four or five women once that tended me?

Prospero Thou hadst, and more, *Miranda*. But how is it
That this lives in thy mind? What seest thou else
In the dark backward and abysm of time?
If thou remember'st aught ere thou cam'st here,
How thou cam'st here thou mayst

Miranda

But that I do not

Prospero Twelve year since, *Miranda*, twelve year since.
Thy father was the Duke of Milan and
A prince of power

Miranda

Sir are not you my father?

Prospero Thy mother was a piece of virtue, and
She said thou wast my daughter, and thy father
Was Duke of Milan, and his only heir
And princess no worse issued *withy*

Miranda

O the heavens!

What foul play had we, that we came from thence?
Or blessed was it we did?

Prospero

Both, both, my girl

By foul play, as thou say'st, were we heav'd thence,
But blessedly help hither *withy*

Miranda

O, my heart bleeds;

To think o' the teen that I have turn'd you to, *withy*
Which is from my remembrance! Please you, farther

Prospero My brother, and thy uncle, call'd Antonio,—
I pray thee, mark me,—that a brother should
Be so perfidious!—he whom, next thyself,
Of all the world I lov'd, and to him put
The manage of my State, as at that time
Through all the signories it was the first, *withy*
(And *Prospero* the prime duke, being so reputed
In dignity), and, for the liberal arts,
Without a parallel, those being all my study,
The government I cast upon my brother,
And to my State grew stranger, being transported
And rapt in secret studies Thy false uncle—
Dost thou attend me?

Miranda

Sir, most heedfully *withy*

Prospero Being once perfected how to grant suits
How to deny them who t'advance and who
'To trash for over-topping new created

THE TEMPEST

'The dukedom, yet unbow'd (alas, poor Milan!),
'To most ignoble stooping

Miranda O the heavens!

Prospero Mark his condition, and th' event, then tell me
If this might be a brother

Miranda I should sin
To think but nobly of my grandmother
Good wombs have borne bad sons

Prospero Now the condition.
This King of Naples, being an enemy
To me inveterate, hearkens my brother's suit,
Which was, that he, in lieu o' th' premises,
(Of homage and I know not how much tribute,
Should presently extirpate me and mine
Out of the dukedom, and confer fair Milan,
With all the honours, on my brother whereon,
A treacherous army levied, one midnight
Iated to th' purpose, did Antonio open
The gates of Milan, and, i' th' dead of darkness,
The ministers for th' purpose hurried thence
Me and thy crying self

Miranda Alack, for pity!
I, not remembering how I cried out then,
Will cry it o'er again it is a hint
That wrings mine eyes to't

Prospero Hear a little further,
And then I'll bring thee to the present business
Which now's upon 's, without the which this story
Were most impertinent

Miranda Wherefore did they not
That hour destroy us?

Prospero Well demanded, wench!
My tale provokes that question Dear, they durst not,
So dear the love my people bore me, nor set
A mark so bloody on the business, but

ACT I SCENE II.

With colors fairer painted their foul ends
 In few, they hurried us aboard a bark,
 Bore us some leagues to sea, where they prepar'd
 A rotten carcass of a boat, not rigg'd,
 Nor tackle, sail, nor mast, the very rats
 Instinctively have quit it There they hoist us,
 To cry to th' sea that roar'd to us, to sigh
 To th' winds, whose pity, sighing back again,
 Did us but loving wrong ~~increased our~~.

Miranda Alack, what trouble
 Was I then to you!

Prospero O, a cherubin ~~angel~~
 Thou wast, that did preserve me Thou did'st smile,
 Infused with a fortitude from heaven, ~~when I~~
 When I have deck'd the sea with drops full salt,
 Under my burthen groan'd, which rais'd in me
 An undergoing stomach, to bear up
 Against what should ensue

Miranda How came we ashore?

Prospero. By Providence divine
 Some food we had, and some fresh water, that
 A noble Neapolitan, Gonzalo,
 Out of his charity (who being then appointed
 Master of this design), did give us, with
 Rich garments, linens, stuffs, and necessities,
 Which since have steaded much So, of his gentleness,
 Knowing I lov'd my books, he furnish'd me,
 From mine own library, with volumes that
 I prize above my dukedom.

Miranda Would I might
 But ever see that man!

Prospero Now I arise —
 Sit still, and hear the last of our sea-sorrow
 Here in this island we arriv'd, and here
 Have I, thy schoolmaster, made thee more profit

'Than other princess can, that have more time
'or a m^{ore} hours and tutors not so careful

Miranda Heavens thank you for't! And now, I pray you,

SIR

(I or sull 'tis beating in my mind,) your reason
I or raising this sea-storm?

Prospero Know thus far forth;

By accident most strange, bountiful Fortune

(Now my dear lady) hath mine enemies

Brought to this shore, and by my prescience

I find my zenith doth depend upon

A most auspicious star, whose influence

If now I court not, but omit, my fortunes

Will ever after droop Here cease more questions

'Thou art inclin'd to sleep, 'tis a good dulness,

And give it way — I know thou canst not choose —

[*Miranda sleeps*]

Come away, servant, come! I am ready now

Approach, my Ariel, come!

Enter ARIEL

Ariel All hail, great master! grave sir, hail! I come

To answer thy best pleasure, be't to fly,

To swim, to dive into the fire, to ride

On the curl'd clouds to thy strong bidding task

Ariel and all his quality

Prospero

Hast thou, spirit,

Perform'd to point the tempest that I bade thee?

Ariel To every article

I boarded the king's ship, now on the beak,

Now in the waist, the deck, in every cabin,

I flam'd amazement sometime I'd divide,

And burn in many places, on the topmast,

The yards, and bow-sprit, would I flame distinctly,

Then meet and join Jove's lightnings, the precursors!

O' th' dreadful thunder claps, more momentary
 And sight-outrunning were not { the fire and cracks
 Of sulphurous roaring the most mighty Neptune
 Seem to besiege, and make his bold waves tremble,
 Yea, his dread trident shake, } *re-enter*

Prospero. My brave spirit!
 Who was so firm so constant, that this coil
 Would not infect his reason?

Ariel Not a soul
 But felt a fever of the mad, and play'd
 Some tricks of desperation All but mariners
 Plung'd in the foaming brine, and quit the vessel,
 Then all afire with me the king's son, Ferdinand,
 With hair up-staring,—then like reeds, not hair,—
 Was the first man that leap'd, cried, "Hell is emp
 And all the devils are here."

Prospero Why, that's my spirit!
 But was not this nigh shore?

Ariel Close by, my master

Prospero But are they, Ariel, safe?

Ariel. Not a hair perish'd,

On their sustaining garments not a blemish,
 But fresher than before and, as thou bad'st me,
 In troops I have dispers'd them 'bout the isle
 The king's son have I landed by himself,
 Whom I left cooling of the air with sighs
 In an odd angle of the isle, and sitting,
 His arms in this sad knot

Prospero Of the king's ship
 The mariners, say how thou hast dispos'd,
 And all the rest o' th' fleet

Ariel Safely in harbour
 Is the king's ship, in the deep nook, where once
 Thou call'dst me up at midnight to fetch dew
 From the still-vex'd Bermoothes, there she's hid,

The mariners all under hatches stow'd,
 Who, with a charm join'd to their suffer'd labour,
 I have left asleep and for the rest o' th' fleet,
 Which I dispers'd, they all have met again,
 And are upon the Mediterranean flote,
 Bound sadly home for Naples,
 Supposing that they saw the king's ship wrack'd,
 And his great person perish

Prospero Ariel, thy charge
 Exactly is perform'd, but there's more work
 What is the time o' th' day?

Ariel Past the mid season

Prospero At least two glasses The time 'twixt six and
 now

Must by us both be spent most precious

Ariel Is there more toil? Since thou dost give me pains,
 Let me remember thee what thou hast promis'd,
 Which is not yet perform'd me

Prospero How now? moody?
 What is't thou caust demand?

Ariel My liberty

Prospero Before the time be out? no more!

Ariel I prithee,

Remember I have done thee worthy service,
 Told thee no lies, made no mistakings, serv'd
 Without or grudge or grumblings Thou didst promise
 To bate me a full year

Prospero Dost thou forget
 From what a torment I did free thee?

Ariel No

Prospero Thou dost; and think'st it much to tread the
 Of the salt deep,
 To run upon the sharp wind of the north,
 To do me business in the veins o' th' earth,
 When it is bak'd with frost

Ariel I do not, sir

Prospero Thou liest, malignant thing! Hast thou forgot
The foul witch Sycorax, who with age and envy
Was grown into a hoop? hast thou forgot her? *hast*

Ariel No, sir

Prospero Thou hast Where was she born? speak:

Ariel Sir, in Argier [tell me

Prospero O, was she so? I must
Once in a month recount what thou hast been,
Which thou forget'st. This damn'd witch Sycorax,
For mischiefs manifold, and sorceries terrible *magic*
To enter human hearing, from Argier,
Thou know'st, was banish'd for one thing she did,
They would not take her life Is not this true?

Ariel Ay, sir

Prospero This blue-eyed hag was hither brought with child,
And here was left by th' sailors Thou, my slave,
As thou report'st thyself, wast then her servant,
And, for thou wast a spirit too delicate
To act her earthy and abhorr'd commands,
Refusing her grand hests, she did confine thee,
By help of her more potent ministers,
And in her most unmitigable rage, *was*
Into a cloven pine, within which rift
Imprison'd, thou didst painfully remain
A dozen years, within which space she died,
And left thee there, where thou didst vent thy groans
As fast as mill-wheels strike Then was this island—
Save for the son that she did litter here, *Jane*
A freckled whelp, hag-born—not honour'd with
A human shape

Ariel Yes, Caliban her son

Prospero Dull thing, I say so, he, that Caliban,
Whom now I keep in service Thou best know'st
What torment I did find thee in, thy groans

Did make wolves howl, and penetrate the breasts
Of ever hungry bears. It was a torment
To lay upon the damnd which Sycorax
Could not again undo. It was mine art,
When I arriv'd and heard thee, that made gape
The pine, and let thee out.

Ariel I thank thee, master

Prospero If thou more murmur'st, I will rend an oak,
And peg thee in his knotty entrails till
Thou hast howl'd away twelve winters.

Ariel Pardon, master

I will be correspondent to command,
And do my springing gently.

Prospero Do so, and after two days
I will discharge thee.

Ariel That's my noble master!
What shall I do? say what, what shall I do?

Prospero Go make thyself like a nymph o' th' sea. Be
subject

To no sight but thine and mine, invisible
To every eyeball else. Go, take this shape,
And better come in t' go, hence with diligence!—

[*Exit Ariel*]

Awake, dear heart, awake! thou hast slept well,
Awake!

Miranda The strangeness of your story put
Horror in me.

Prospero Shake it off. Come on,
We'll visit Caliban my slave, who never
Yields us kind answer.

Miranda 'Tis a villain, sir,
I do not love to look on

Prospero But, as 'tis,
We cannot miss him. He does make our fire,
Fetch in our wood, and serves in offices

That profit us —What, ho ! slave ! Caliban !

Thou earth, thou ! speak

Caliban [within] There's wood enough within

Prospero Come forth, I say ! there's other business for thee
Come, thou tortoise ! when?—

Enter ARIEL, *like a water-nymph*

Fine apparition ! My quant Ariel, *delicate*
Hark in thine ear

Ariel My lord, it shall be done [Exit

Prospero Thou poisonous slave, come forth

Enter CALIBAN

Caliban As wicked dew as e'er my mother brush'd
With raven's feather from unwholesome fen
Drop on you both ! a south-west blow on ye,
And blister you all o'er ! *conceal*

Prospero For this, be sure, to-night thou shalt have cramps, *h*
Side-stitches that shall pen thy breath up, urchins
Shall, for that vast of night that they may work,
All exercise on thee, thou shalt be pinch'd
As thick as honeycomb, each pinch more stinging
Than bees that made 'em

Caliban I must eat my dinner
This island's mine, by Sycorax my mother,
Which thou tak'st from me When thou camest first,
Thou strok'dst me and mad'st much of me, wouldst give me
Water with berries in't, and teach me how
To name the bigger light, and how the less,
That burn by day and night and then I lov'd thee,
And show'd thee all the qualities o' th' isle,
The fresh springs, brine-pits, barren place and fertile
Cursed be I that did so ! All the charms
Of Sycorax, toads, beetles, bats, light on you !
For I am all the subjects that you have,

Which first was mine own king, and here you sty me
In this hard rock, wiles you do keep from me
The rest o' th' island

Prospero Thou most lying slave,
Whom stripes may move, not kindness! I have us'd thee,
I lilt as thou art, with human care, and lodg'd thee
In mine own cell, till thou didst seek to violate
The honour of my child

Caliban O ho, O ho! would 't had been done!
Thou didst prevent me, I had peopled else
This isle with Calibans

Prospero Abhorred slave,
Which any print of goodness wilt not take,
Being capable of all ill! I pitied thee,
'Took pains to make thee speak, taught thee each hour
One thing or other when thou didst not, savage,
Know thine own meaning, but wouldst gabble like
A thing most brutish, I endow'd thy purposes
With words that made them known But thy vile race,
'Though thou didst learn, had that in't which good natures
Could not abide to be with, therefore wast thou
Deservedly confin'd into this rock,
Who hadst deserv'd more than a prison

Caliban You taught me language, and my profit on't
Is, I know how to curse The red plague rid you
I or learning me your language!

Prospero Hag-seed, hence!
Fetch us in fuel and be quick thou'rt best,
To answer other business Shrugst thou, malice?
If thou neglect'st, or dost unwillingly
What I command, I'll rack thee with old cramps,
I'll all thy bones with aches, make thee roar,
That beasts shall tremble at thy din

Caliban No, pray thee.
[As if.] I must obey his art is of such power,

It would control my dam's god, Setebos,
And make a vassal of him

Prospero

So, slave, hence! [*Exit Caliban*]

Enter FERDINAND, and ARIEL (invisible), playing and singing

ARIEL — Song

Come unto these yellow sands,

And then take hands

Curtstied when you have, and kiss'd

The wild waves whist, ' -

Foot it featly here and there, dance

And, sweet sprites, the burthen bear

Burthen [dispersedly] *Hark, hark!*

Bowgh-wawgh.

The watch-dogs bark

Bowgh-wawgh

ARIEL *Hark, hark! I hear*

The strain of strutting chanticleer

Cry, Cock-a-diddle-dow

Ferdinand Where should this music be? i' th' air or th'
It sounds no more, — and, sure, it waits upon [earth? —
Some god o' th' island Sitting on a bank,
Weeping again the king my father's wrack, -
This music crept by me upon the waters,
Allaying both their fury and my passion
With it's sweet air thence I have follow'd it,
Or it hath drawn me rather But 'tis gone —
No, it begins again

ARIEL — Song

Full fathom five thy father lies,

Of his bones are coral made,

Those are pearls that were his eyes

Nothing of him that doth fade,

*But doth suffer a sea-change
Into something rich and strange
Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell -*

[Burthen] *Ding-dong*
Hark! now I hear them—Ding-dong, bell

Ferdinand The ditty does remember my drown'd father. ?
This is no mortal business, nor no sound
That the earth owes—I hear it now above me

Prospero The fringed curtains of thine eye advance,
And say what thou seest yond

Miranda What is't? a spirit?
Lord, how it looks about! Believe me, sir,
It carries a brave form But 'tis a spirit

Prospero No, wench, it eats and sleeps and hath such
As we have—such This gallant which thou seest [senses
Was in the wrack, and, but he's something stain'd
With grief, that's beauty's canker, thou might'st call him
A goodly person He hath lost his fellows,
And strays about to find 'em

Miranda I might call him
A thing divine, for nothing natural
I ever saw so noble.

Prospero [Aside] It goes on, I see
As my soul prompts it—Spirit, fine spirit! I'll free thee
Within two days for this

Ferdinand Most sure, the goddess
On whom these airs attend!—Vouchsafe my prayer
May know if you remain upon this island,
And that you will some good instruction give
How I may bear me here my prime request,
Which I do last pronounce, is, O you wonder!
If you be maid or no?

Miranda No wonder, sir;
But certainly a maid

Ferdinand My language ! heavens !—
I am the best of them that speak this speech,
Were I but where 'tis spoken

Prospero How ? the best ?
What wert thou, if the King of Naples heard thee ?

Ferdinand A single thing, as I am now, that wonders
To hear thee speak of Naples He does hear me,
And that he does I weep myself am Naples,
Who with mine eyes, never since at ebb, beheld
The King my father wrack'd

Miranda Alack, for mercy !

Ferdinand Yes, faith, and all his lords, the Duke of Milan
And his brave son being twain

Prospero [*Aside*] The Duke of Milan,
And his more braver daughter, could control thee,
If now 'twere fit to do't —At the first sight
They have chang'd eyes —Delicate Ariel,
I'll set thee free for this —[*To him*] A word, good sir
I fear you have done yourself some wrong a word

Miranda Why speaks my father so ungently ? This
Is the third man that e'er I saw, the first
That e'er I sigh'd for, pity move my father
To be inclin'd my way !

Ferdinand O, if a virgin,
And your affection not gone forth, I'll make you
The queen of Naples

Prospero Soft, su ! one word more —
[*Aside*] They are both in either's powers but this swift
business

I must uneasy make, lest too light winning
Make the prize light —[*To him*] One word more, I charge
That thou attend me Thou dost here usurp ~~claim~~ [thee
The name thou ow'st not, and hast put thyself
Upon this island as a spy, to win it
From me, the lord on't

Ferdinand No, as I am a man

Miranda There's nothing ill can dwell in such a temple
If the ill spirit have so fair a house,
Good things will strive to dwell with't.

Prospero [*To Ferdinand*] Follow me —
Speak not you for him, he's a traitor — Come,
I'll manacle thy neck and feet together
Sea-water shalt thou drink, thy food shall be
'Tillic fresh-brook muscles, wither'd roots, and husks
Wherein the acorn cradled Follow

Ferdinand No,
I will resist such entertainment till
Mine enemy has more power

[*He draws, and is charmed from moving*]

Miranda O dear father!
Make not too rash a trial of him, for
He's gentle, and not fearful

Prospero What! I say,
My foot my tutor? — Put thy sword up, traitor,
Who mak'st a show, but dar'st not strike, thy conscience
Is so possess'd with guilt come from thy ward,
For I can here disarm thee with this stick,
And make thy weapon drop

Miranda Beseech you, father!

Prospero Hence! hang not on my garments

Miranda Sir, have pity;
I'll be his surety

Prospero Silence! one word more
Shall make me chide thee, if not hate thee What!
An advocate for an impostor! hush!
Thou think'st there is no more such shapes as he,
Having seen but him and Caliban foolish wench!
To th' most of men this is a Caliban,
And they to him are angels

Miranda My affections

Are, then, most humble, I have no ambition
To see a goodlier man

Prospero [*To Ferdinand*] Come on, obey
Thy nerves are in their infancy again,
And have no vigour in them

Ferdinand So they are
My spirits, as in a dream, are all bound up
My father's loss, the weakness which I feel,
The wrack of all my friends, nor this man's threats
To whom I am subdued, are but light to me,
Might I but through my prison once a day
Behold this maid All corners else o' th' earth
Let liberty make use of, space enough
Have I in such a prison

Prospero [*Aside*] It works [*To Ferdinand*] Come on —
Thou hast done well, fine Ariel! — Follow me —
[*To Ariel*] Hark what thou else shalt do me

Miranda Be of comfort
My father's of a better nature, sir,
Than he appears by speech this is unwonted
Which now came from him

Prospero Thou shalt be as free
As mountain winds but then exactly do —
All points of my command

Ariel To the syllable

Prospero Come, follow — Speak not for him [*Exeunt.*]



ACT II

SCENE I *Another part of the island*

*Enter ALONSO, SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, GONZALO, ADRIAN,
FRANCISCO, and others*

Gonzalo Beseech you, sir, be merry you have cause
(So have we all) of joy, for our escape
Is much beyond our loss Our hint of woe
Is common. every day, some sailor's wife,

The masters of some merchant, and the merchant,
 Have just our theme of woe, but for the miracle—
 I mean our preservation—few in millions
 Can speak like us then wisely, good sir, weigh
 Our sorrow with our comfort

Alonso.

Prithee, peace

Sebastian He receives comfort like cold porridge

Antonio The visitor will not give him o'er so

Sebastian Look, he's winding up the watch of his wit, by
 and by it will strike

Gonzalo Sir,—

Sebastian One tell

Gonzalo When every grief is entertain'd that's offer'd,
 Comes to the entertainer—

Sebastian. A dollâr

Gonzalo Dolour comes to him, indeed you have spoken
 truer than you purpos'd

Sebastian You have taken it wiselier than I meant you
 should

Gonzalo Therefore, my lord,—

Antonio Fie, what a spendthrift is he of his tongue!

Alonso I prithee, spare

Gonzalo Well, I have done but yet,—

Sebastian He will be talking

Antonio Which, of he or Adrian, for a good wager, first be-
 gins to crow?

Sebastian The old cock

Antonio The cockerel

Sebastian Done The wager?

Antonio A laughter

Sebastian A match!

Adrian Though this island seem to be desert,—

Antonio Ha, ha, ha!

Sebastian So, you're paid

Adrian Uninhabitable, and almost inaccessible,—

Sebastian Yet,—

Adrian Yet,—

Antonio He could not miss't

Adrian It must needs be of subtle, tender, and delicate temperance

Antonio Temperance was a delicate wench

Sebastian Ay, and a subtle, as he most learnedly deliver'd

Adrian The air breathes upon us here most sweetly

Sebastian As if it had lungs, and rotten ones

Antonio Or as twere perfum'd by a fen.

Gonzalo Here is every thing advantageous to life

Antonio True, save means to live

Sebastian Of that there's none, or little

Gonzalo How lush and lusty the grass looks! how green!

Antonio The ground, indeed, is tawny

Sebastian With an eye of green in't

Antonio He misses not much

Sebastian No, he doth but mistake the truth totally

Gonzalo But the rarity of it is,—which is indeed almost beyond credit,—

Sebastian As many vouch'd rarities are

Gonzalo That our garments, being, as they were, drench'd in the sea, hold, notwithstanding, their freshness and glosses, being rather new-dyed than stain'd with salt water

Antonio If but one of his pockets could speak, would it not say he lies?

Sebastian Ay, or very falsely pocket up his report

Gonzalo Methinks our garments are now as fresh as when we put them on first in Afric, at the marriage of the king's far daughter Claribel to the King of Tunis

Sebastian 'Twas a sweet marriage, and we prosper well in our return

Adrian Tunis was never grac'd before with such a paragon to their queen

Gonzalo Not since widow Dido's time

Antonio Widow! a plague o' that! How came that widow in? Widow Dido!

Sebastian What if he had said widower Æneas too? Good Lord, how you take it!

Adrian Widow Dido, said you? you make me study of that she was of Carthage, not of Tunis

Gonzalo This Tunis, sir, was Carthage

Adrian Carthage?

Gonzalo I assure you, Carthage

Antonio His word is more than the miraculous harp!

Sebastian He hath rais'd the wall, and houses too

Antonio What impossible matter will he make easy now

Sebastian I think he will carry this island home in his pocket, and give it his son for an apple

Antonio And, sowing the kernels of it in the sea, bring forth more islands

Gonzalo Ay?

Antonio Why, in good time.

Gonzalo Sir, we were talking that our garments seem now as fresh as when we were at Tunis at the marriage of your daughter, who is now queen

Antonio And the rarest that e'er came there.

Sebastian Bate, I beseech you, widow Dido.

Antonio O, widow Dido! ay, widow Dido

Gonzalo Is not, sir, my doublet as fresh as the first day I wore it? I mean, in a sort

Antonio That sort was well fish'd for!

Gonzalo When I wore it at your daughter's marriage?

Alonso You cram these words into mine ears against
The stomach of my sense Would I had never
Married my daughter there! for, coming thence,
My son is lost, and, in my rate, she too,
Who is so far from Italy remov'd
I ne'er again shall see her O thou mine heir

Of Naples and of Milan, what strange fish
Hath made his meal on thee?

Francisco Sir, he may live.
I saw him beat the surges under him,
And ride upon their backs, he trod the water,
Whose enmity he flung aside, and breasted
The surge most swoln that met him, his bold head
'Bove the contentious waves he kept, and oar'd
Himself with his good arms in lusty stroke
To th' shore, that o'er his wave-worn basis bow'd,
As stooping to relieve him I not doubt,
He came alive to land

Alonso No, no, he's gone

Sebastian Sir, you may thank yourself for this great loss,
Th' it would not bless our Europe with your daughter,
But rather lose her to an African,
Where she, at least, is banish'd from your eye,
Who hath cause to wet the grief on't

Alonso Prithce, peace

Sebastian You were kneel'd to, and importun'd otherwise,
By all of us, and the fair soul herself
Weigh'd, between loathliness and obedience, at
Which end o' th' beam she'd bow We have lost your son,
I fear, forever Milan and Naples have
More widows in them of this business' making,
Than we bring men to comfort them. the fault's
Your own

Alonso So is the dear'st o' th' loss

Gonzalo My lord Sebastian,
The truth you speak doth lack some gentleness,
And time to speak it in you rub the sore,
When you should bring the plaster.

Sebastian Very well

Antonio And most chiturgeonly

Gonzalo It is foul weather in us all, good sir,
When you are cloudy.

Sebastian Foul weather?

Antonio Very foul

Gonzalo Had I plantation of this isle, my lord,—

Antonio He'd sow't with nettle-seed

Sebastian Or docks, or mallows.

Gonzalo And were the king on't, what would I do?

Sebastian Scape being drunk, for want of wine

Gonzalo I' th' commonwealth I would by contraries

Execute all things, for no kind of traffic

Would I admit, no name of magistrate,

Letters should not be known, riches, poverty,

And use of service, none, contract, succession,

Bourn, bound of land, tilth, vineyard, none,

No use of metal, corn, or wine, or oil,

No occupation, all men idle, all,

And women too, but innocent and pure,

No sovereignty,—

Sebastian Yet he would be king on't

Antonio The latter end of his commonwealth forgets the beginning

Gonzalo All things in common nature should produce
Without sweat or endeavour treason, felony,

Sword, pike, knife, gun, or need of any engine,

Would I not have, but nature should bring forth,

Of it own kind, all foison, all abundance,

To feed my innocent people

Sebastian No marrying 'mong his subjects?

Antonio None, man, all idle, whores and knaves.

Gonzalo I would with such perfection govern, sir,
T' excel the golden age.

Sebastian Save his majesty!

Antonio Long live Gonzalo!

Gonzalo And,—do you mark me, sir?—

Alonso Prithee, no more: thou dost talk nothing to me

Gonzalo I do well believe your highness, and did it to!

minister occasion to these gentlemen, who are of such sensible and nimble lungs that they always use to laugh at nothing

Antonio Twas you we laugh'd at

Gonzalo Who, in this kind of merry fooling, am nothing to you so you may continue, and laugh at nothing still

Antonio What a blow was there given !

Sebastian An it had not fallen flat-long

Gonzalo You are gentlemen of brave mettle you would lift the moon out of her sphere, if she would continue in it five weeks without changing

Enter ARIEL (invisible) playing solemn music.

Sebastian We would so, and then go a bat-fowling

Antonio Nay, good my lord, be not angry

Gonzalo No, I warrant you, I will not adventure my discretion so weakly Will you laugh me asleep, for I am very heavy ?

Antonio Go sleep, and hear us

[All sleep except Alonso, Sebastian, and Antonio]

Alonso What, all so soon asleep ! I wish mine eyes Would, with themselves, shut up my thoughts I find They are inclin'd to do so

Sebastian Please you, sir,
Do not omit the heavy offer of it
It seldom visits sorrow, when it doth,
It is a comforter

Antonio We two, my lord,
Will guard your person while you take your rest,
And watch your safety

Alonso Thank you — Wondrous heavy

[Alonso sleeps Exit Ariel]

Sebastian What a strange drowsiness possesses them !

Antonio It is the quality o' th' climate

Sebastian

Why

Doth it not then our eyelids sink? I find not
Myself dispos'd to sleep

Antonio Nor I, my spirits are nimble
They fell together all, as by consent,
They dropp'd, as by a thunder-stroke What might,
Worthy Sebastian?—O, what might?—No more —
And yet methinks I see it in thy face,
What'thou shouldst be th' occasion speaks thee, and
My strong imagination sees a crown
Dropping upon thy head

Sebastian What, art thou waking?

Antonio Do you not hear me speak?

Sebastian I do, and surely
It is a sleepy language, and thou speak'st
Out of thy sleep. What is it thou didst say?
This is a strange repose, to be asleep
With eyes wide open, standing, speaking, moving,
And yet so fast asleep

Antonio Noble Sebastian,
Thou let'st thy fortune sleep—die, rather, wink'st
Whiles'thou art waking

Sebastian Thou dost snore distinctly,
There's meaning in thy snores

Antonio I am more serious than my custom you
Must be so too, if heed me, which to do,
Trebles thee or

Sebastian Well, I am standing water

Antonio I'll teach you how to flow

Sebastian Do so to ebb
Hereditary sloth instructs me

Antonio O,
If you but knew how you the purpose cherish
Whiles thus you mock it! how, in stripping it,
You more invest it! Ebbing men indeed
Most often do so near the bottom run
By their own fear or sloth

So is she heir of Naples, 'twixt which regions
There is some space

Antonio A space whose every cubit
Seems to cry out, "How shall that Claribel
Measure us back to Naples? Keep in Tunis,
And let Sebastian wake" Say, this were death
That now hath seiz'd them, why, they were no worse
Than now they are There be that can rule Naples
As well as he that sleeps, lords that can prate
As amply and unnecessarily
As this Gonzalo I myself could make
A chough of as deep chat O, that you bore
The mind that I do! what a sleep were this
For your advancement! Do you understand me?

Sebastian Methinks I do

Antonio And how does your content
Tender your own good fortune?

Sebastian I remember

You did supplant your brother Prospero

Antonio True

And look how well my garments sit upon me,
Much feater than before My brother's servants
Were then my fellows, now they are my men

Sebastian But, for your conscience—

Antonio Ay, sir, where lies that? If 'twere a kibe,
'Twould put me to my slipper, but I feel not
This deity in my bosom Twenty consciences,
That stand 'twixt me and Milan, candied be they,
' And melt, ere they molest! Here lies your brother,
No better than the earth he lies upon,
If he were that which now he's like,—that's dead,
Whom I, with this obedient steel, three inches of it,
Can lay to bed forever, whiles you, doing thus,
' To the perpetual wink for aye might put
This ancient morsel, this Sir Prudence, who

Should not upbraid our course For all the rest,
 They'll take suggestion as a cat laps milk,
 They'll tell the clock to any business that
 We say befits the hour

Sebastian Thy case, dear friend,
 Shall be my precedent, as thou got'st Milan,
 I'll come by Naples Draw thy sword one stroke
 Shall free thee from the tribute which thou pay'st,
 And I the king shall love thee

Antonio Draw together,
 And when I rear my hand, do you the like,
 To fall it on Gonzalo

Sebastian O, but one word [*They talk apart*]

Enter ARIEL, with music and song

Ariel My master through his art foresees the danger
 That you, his friend, are in, and sends me forth,—
 For else his project dies,—to keep thee living

[*Sings in Gonzalo's ear.*]

*While you here do snoring lie,
 Open eyed conspiracy
 His time doth take
 If of life you keep a care,
 Shake off slumber, and beware
 Awake! Awake!*

Antonio Then let us both be sudden

Gonzalo Now, good angels preserve the king!
 [*They wake*]

Alonso Why, how now? ho, awake!—Why are you drawn?
 Wherefore this ghastly looking?

Gonzalo What's the matter?

Sebastian Whiles we stood here securing your repose,
 I even now, we heard a hollow burst of bellowing
 Like bulls, or rather lions. didn't not wake you?
 It struck mine ear most terribly

Alonso I heard nothing

Antonio O, 'twas a din to fright a monster's ear,
To make an earthquake sure, it was the roar
Of a whole herd of lions

Alonso Heard you this, Gonzalo?

Gonzalo Upon mine honour, sir, I heard a humming,—
And that a strange one too,—which did awake me
I shak'd you, sir, and cried as mine eyes open'd,
I saw their weapons drawn —there was a noise,
That's verily 'Tis best we stand upon our guard,
Or that we quit this place let's draw our weapons

Alonso Lead off this ground, and let's make further search
For my poor son

Gonzalo Heavens keep him from these beasts!
For he is, sure, i' th' island.

Alonso - Lead away

Ariel Prospero my lord shall know what I have done
So, king, go safely on to seek thy son [Exeunt

SCENE II *Another part of the island*

Enter CALIBAN, with a burthen of wood A noise of thunder
heard

Caliban All the infections that the sun sucks up
From bogs, fens, flats, on Prosper fall, and make him
By inch-meal a disease! His spirits hear me,
And yet I needs must curse But they'll nor pinch,
Fright me with urchin-shows, pitch me i' th' mire,
Nor lead me, like a fire-brand, in the dark
Out of my way, unless he bid 'em but
For every trifle are they set upon me,
Sometime like apes, that mow and chatter at me,
And after bite me, then like hedgehogs, which
Lie tumbling in my barefoot way, and mount
Their pricks at my footfall, sometime am I

All wound with adders, who with cloven tongues
Do hiss me into madness —

Enter TRINCULO

Lo, now, lo!

Here comes a spirit of his, and to torment me
For bringing wood in slowly. I'll fall flat,
Perchance he will not mind me

Trinculo Here's neither bush nor shrub, to bear off any
weather at all, and another storm brewing. I hear it sing i'
th' wind. Yond same black cloud, yond huge one, looks like
a foul bombard that would shed his liquor. If it should thun-
der as it did before, I know not where to hide my head. yond
same cloud cannot choose but fall by pailfuls — What have
we here? a man or a fish? dead or alive? A fish, he smells
like a fish, a very ancient and fish-like smell, a kind of, not
of the newest, Poor-John. A strange fish! Were I in En-
gland now, as once I was, and had but this fish painted, not
a holiday fool there but would give a peece of silver. there
would this monster make a man. any strange beast there
makes a man. When they will not give aid to relieve a
paine beggar, they will lay out ten to see a dead Indian
lugg'd like a man! and his fins like arms! Warm o' my
troth! I do now let loose my opinion, hold it no longer.
this is no fish, but an islander, that hath lately suffered by a
thunderbolt. [*Thunder*] Alas, the storm is come again! my
best way is to creep under his giberdine, there is no other
shelter hereabout. Misery acquaints a man with strange bed-
fellows. I will here shroud till the dregs of the storm be past.

Enter STEPHANO, singing, a bottle in his hand

Stephano *I shall no more to sea, to sea,
Here shall I die ashore,—*

This is a very scurvy tune to sing at a man's funeral. Well,
here's my comfort —

[*Drinks*]

who wishes

[Sings] *The master, the swabber, the boatswain, and I,
The gunner, and his mate,
Loved Mall, Meg, and Marian, and Margey,
But none of us car'd for Kate;
For she had a tongue with a lang,
Would cry to a sailor, Go hang!
Then, to sea, boys, and let her go hang*

This is a scurvy tune too, but here's my comfort. [Drinks.

Caliban. Do not torment me —O!

Stephano What's the matter? Have we devils here? Do you put tricks upon s with savages and men of Ind, ha? I have not scap'd drowning to be afeard now of your four legs, for it hath been said, as proper a man as ever went on four legs cannot make him give ground, and it shall be said so again, while Stephano breathes at nostrils

Caliban The spirit torments me —O!

Stephano This is some monster of the isle with four legs, who hath got, as I take it, an ague Where the devil should he learn our language? I will give him some relief, if it be but for that If I can recover him, and keep him tame, and get to Naples with him, he's a present for any emperor that ever trod on neat's-leather *Q. E. D.*

Caliban Do not torment me, prithee, I'll bring my wood home faster

Stephano He's in his fit now, and does not talk after the wisest He shall taste of my bottle if he have never drunk wine afore, it will go near to remove his fit If I can recover him, and keep him tame, I will not take too much for him, he shall pay for him that hath him, and that soundly

Caliban Thou dost me yet but little hurt, thou wilt anon, I know it by thy trembling now Prosper works upon thee

Stephano Come on your ways, open your mouth, here is that which will give language to you, cat Open your mouth, this will shake your shaking, I can tell you, and that

soundly you cannot tell who's your friend open your chaps tr again

Trinculo I should know that voice it should be—but he is drown'd, and these are devils —O, defend me!

Stephano Four legs and two voices! a most delicate monster! His forward voice, now, is to speak well of his friend; his backward voice is to utter foul speeches and to detract. If all the wine in my bottle will recover him, I will help his widge. Come —Amen! I will pour some in thy other mouth

Trinculo Stephano!

Stephano Doth thy other mouth call me? Mercy, mercy! This is a devil, and no monster I will leave him, I have no long spoon

Trinculo Stephano! If thou beest Stephano, touch me, and speak to me, for I am Trinculo,—be not afraid,—thy good friend Trinculo

Stephano If thou beest Trinculo, come forth I'll pull thee by the lesser legs if any be Trinculo's legs, these are they Thou art very Trinculo indeed! How camest thou to be the siege of this moon-calf? Can he vent Trinculos?

Trinculo I took him to be kill'd with a thunder-stroke — But art thou not drown'd, Stephano? I hope, now, thou art not drown'd Is the storm overblown? I hid me under the dead moon-calf's gaberdine for fear of the storm And art thou living, Stephano? O Stephano, two Neapolitans scap'd?

Stephano Prithce, do not turn me about, my stomach is not constant

Caliban These be fine things, an if they be not sprites That's a brave god, and bears celestial liquor I will kneel to him

Stephano How didst thou scape? How camest thou hither? swear, by this bottle, how thou camest hither I escap'd upon a butt of sack, which the sailors heaved o'erboard, by this bottle!—which I made of the bark of a tree with mine own hands, since I was cast ashore

Caliban I'll swear, upon that bottle, to be thy true subject,
For the liquor is not earthly

Stephano Here, swear, then, how thou escapedst

Trinculo Swam ashore, man, like a duck I can swim like
a duck, I'll be sworn

Stephano Here, kiss the book Though thou canst swim;
like a duck, thou art made like a goose

Trinculo O Stephano, hast any more of this?

Stephano The whole butt, man my cellar is in a rock by
th' sea-side, where my wine is hid How now, moon-calf!
how does thine ague?

Caliban Hast thou not dropp'd from heaven?

Stephano Out o' th' moon, I do assure thee I was the
man i' th' moon when time was

Caliban I have seen thee in her, and I do adore thee
My mistress show'd me thee, and thy dog, and thy bush

Stephano Come, swear to that, kiss the book I will fur-
nish it anon with new contents swear

Trinculo By this good light, this is a very shallow monster!
—I afeard of him!—A very weak monster!—The man i' th'
moon!—A most poor credulous monster!—Well drawn, mon-
ster, in good sooth!

Caliban I'll show thee every fertile inch o' th' island,
And I will kiss thy foot I prithee, be my god

Trinculo By this light, a most perfidious and drunken mon-
ster! When's god's asleep, he'll rob his bottle

Caliban I'll kiss thy foot, I'll swear myself thy subject

Stephano Come on, then, down, and swear

Trinculo I shall laugh myself to death at this puppy-head-
ed monster A most scurvy monster! I could find in my
heart to beat him,—

Stephano Come, kiss

Trinculo But that the poor monster's in drink An abom-
inable monster! [berries,

Caliban I'll show thee the best springs, I'll pluck thee

I'll fish for thee, and get thee wood enough
 A plague upon the tyrant that I serve!
 I'll bear him no more sticks, but follow thee,
 'Thou wondrous man

Trinculo A most ridiculous monster, to make a wonder of
 a poor drunkard!

Caliban I prithee, let me bring thee where crabs grow,
 And I with my long nails will dig thee pig-nuts,
 Show thee a jay's nest, and instruct thee how
 To snare the nimble marmoset I'll bring thee
 To clustering filberts, and sometimes I'll get thee
 Young scameels from the rock Wilt thou go with me?

Stephano I prithee now, lead the way without any more
 talking — Trinculo, the king and all our company else being
 drown'd, we will inherit here — Here, bear my bottle — Fel-
 low Trinculo, we'll fill him by and by again.

Caliban [*sings drunkenly*] Farewell, master, farewell, fare-
 well!

Trinculo A howling monster, a drunken monster!

Caliban No more dams I'll make for fish,
 Nor fetch in firing
 At requiring,

Nor scrape trenchering, nor wash dish

Ban, 'Ban, Ca-caliban

Has a new master — get a new man

Freedom, hey day! hey day, freedom! freedom, hey-day, free-
 dom!

Stephano O brave monster! Lead the way [*Exeunt*



ACT III

SCENE I *Before PROSPERO'S cell*

Enter FERDINAND, bearing a log

Ferdinand There be some sports are painful, and their la-
Delight in them sets off some kinds of baseness [bour
Are nobly undergone, and most poor matters

Prospero Poor worm, thou art infected!
This visitation shows it

Miranda You look wearily

Ferdinand No, noble mistress, 'tis fresh morning with me
When you are by at night I do beseech you,—
Chiefly that I might set it in my prayers,—
What is your name?

Miranda Miranda —O my father,
I have broken your hest to say so!

Ferdinand Admir'd Miranda!
Indeed the top of admiration, worth
What's dearest to the world! Full many a lady
I have eyed with best regard, and many a time
Th' harmony of their tongues hath into bondage
Brought my too diligent ear For several virtues
Have I lik'd several women, never any
With so full soul, but some defect in her
Did quarrel with the noblest grace she owed,
And put it to the foil but you, O you,
So perfect and so peerless, are created
Of every creature's best!

Miranda I do not know
One of my sex, no woman's face I remember,
Save, from my glass, mine own, nor have I seen
More that I may call men than you, good friend,
And my dear father How features are abroad,
I am skilless of, but, by my modesty,
The jewel in my dowry, I would not wish
Any companion in the world but you,
Nor can imagination form a shape,
Besides yourself, to like of — But I prattle
Something too wildly, and my father's precepts
I therein do forget

Ferdinand I am, in my condition,
A prince, Miranda, I do think, a king, —

Miranda And mine, with my heart in't and now farewell
Till half an hour hence

Ferdinand A thousand thousand !

[*Exeunt Ferdinand and Miranda*]

Prospero So glad of this as they I cannot be,
Who are surpris'd with all, but my rejoicing
At nothing can be more. I'll to my book,
For yet ere supper-time must I perform
Much business appertaining [Exit]

SCENE II *Another part of the island*

Enter CALIBAN, STEPHANO, and TRINCULO.

Stephano Tell not me —when the butt is out, we will
drink water, not a drop before therefore bear up, and
board 'em *Servant-monster, drink to me*

Trinculo *Servant-monster !* the folly of this island ! They
say there's but five upon this isle we are three of them, if
th' other two be brain'd like us, the State totters

Stephano Drink, servant-monster, when I bid thee thy
eyes are almost set in thy head

Trinculo Where should they be set else ? he were a brave
monster indeed, if they were set in his tail

Stephano My man-monster hath drown'd his tongue in
sack for my part, the sea cannot drown me, I swam, ere I
could recover the shore, five-and-thirty leagues off and on,
by this light !—Thou shalt be my lieutenant, monster, or my
standard

Trinculo. Your lieutenant, if you list, he's no standard

Stephano We'll not run, Monsieur Monster

Trinculo Nor go neither, but you'll lie, like dogs, and yet
say nothing neither

Stephano Moon-calf, speak once in thy life, if thou beest a
good moon-calf

Caliban How does thy honour ? Let me lick thy shoe
I'll not serve him, he is not valiant

Trinculo Thou liest, most ignorant monster I am in case to juggle a constable Why, thou debosh'd fish, thou, was there ever man a coward, that hath drunk so much sack as I to-day? Wilt thou tell a monstrous lie, being but half a fish and half a monster?

Caliban Lo, how he mocks me! wilt thou let him, my lord?

Trinculo Lord, quoth he!—That a monster should be such a natural!

Caliban Lo lo, again I bite him to death, I prithee

Stephano Trinculo, keep a good tongue in your head if you prove a mutineer,—the next tree! The poor monster's my subject, and he shall not suffer indignity

Caliban I thank my noble lord Wilt thou be pleased To hearken once again to the suit I made to thee?

Stephano Marry, will I kneel and repeat it, I will stand, and so shall Trinculo

Enter ARIEL, invisible

Caliban As I told thee before, I am subject to a tyrant, A sorcerer, that by his cunning hath cheated me Of the island

Ariel Thou liest

Caliban Thou liest, thou jesting monkey, thou I would my valiant master would destroy thee! I do not lie

Stephano Trinculo if you trouble him any more in s tale, by this hand I will supplant some of your teeth

Trinculo Why, I said nothing

Stephano Mum, then, and no more—Proceed

Caliban. I say, by sorcery he got this isle, From me he got it If thy greatness will, Revenge it on him, for I know thou dar'st, But this thing dare not

Stephano That's most certain

Caliban Thou shalt be lord of it, and I'll serve thee

Stephano How now shall this be compass'd? Canst thou bring me to the party?

Caliban Yea, yea, my lord I'll yield him thee asleep, Where thou mayst knock a nail into his head

Ariel Thou liest, thou canst not

Caliban What a pied ninny's this! Thou scurvy patch!— I do beseech thy greatness, give him blows, And take his bottle from him when that's gone, He shall drink nought but brine, for I'll not show him Where the quick freshes are

Stephano Trinculo, run into no further danger interrupt the monster one word further, and, by this hand, I'll turn my mercy out o' doors, and make a stock-fish of thee

Trinculo Why, what did I? I did nothing I'll go farther off

Stephano Didst thou not say he lied?

Ariel Thou liest

Stephano Do I so? take thou that [*Beats him*] As you like this, give me the lie another time

Trinculo I did not give the lie Out o' your wits, and hearing too?—A pox o' your bottle! this can sack and drinking do—A murrain on your monster, and the devil take your fingers!

Caliban Ha, ha, ha!

Stephano Now, forward with your tale—Prithee stand further off

Caliban Beat him enough after a little time, I'll beat him too

Stephano Stand farther—Come, proceed.

Caliban Why, as I told thee, 'tis a custom with him I' th' afternoon to sleep there thou mayst brain him, Having first seiz'd his books, or with a log Batter his skull, or paunch him with a stake, Or cut his wezand with thy knife Remember First to possess his books, for without them

He's but a sot, as I am, nor hath not
 One spirit to command they all do hate him
 As rootedly as I Burn but his books
 He has brave utensils,—for so he calls them,—
 Which, when he has a house, he'll deck withal
 And that most deeply to consider is
 The beauty of his daughter He himself
 Calls her a nonpareil I never saw a woman,
 But only Sycorax my dam and she,
 But she as far surpasseth Sycorax
 As greit'st does least

Stephano Is it so brave a lass?

Caliban Ay, lord she will become thy bed, I warrant,
 And bring thee forth brave brood

Stephano Monster, I will kill this man his daughter and
 I will be king and queen,—save our graces!—and Trinculo
 and thyself shall be viceroys Dost thou like the plot, Trin-
 culo?

Trinculo Excellent

Stephano Give me thy hand I am sorry I beat thee, but,
 while thou liv'st, keep a good tongue in thy head

Caliban Within this half hour will he be asleep
 Wilt thou destroy him then?

Stephano Ay, on mine honour

Ariel This will I tell my master.

Caliban Thou mak'st me merry, I am full of pleasure.
 Let us be jocund will you troll the catch—
 You taught me but while-ere?

Stephano At thy request, monster, I will do reason, any
 reason—Come on, Trinculo, let us sing [Sings.

*First 'em and scout 'em, and scout 'em and flout em,
 'Tisnought is free*

Caliban That's not the tune

[*Ariel plays the tune on a lute and pipe*

Stephano What is this same?

Trinculo This is the tune of our catch, played by the picture of Nobody

Stephano If thou beest a man, show thyself in thy likeness. if thou beest a devil, take't as thou list

Trinculo O, forgive me my sins!

Stephano He that dies pays all debts I defy thee —Mercy upon us!

Caliban Art thou afeard?

Stephano No, monster, not I

Caliban Be not afeard, the isle is full of noises,
Sounds and sweet airs, that give delight and hurt not.
Sometimes a thousand twangling instruments
Will hum about mine ears, and sometimes voices,
That, if I then had wak'd after long sleep,
Will make me sleep again and then, in dreaming,
The clouds methought would open, and show riches
Ready to drop upon me, that, when I wak'd,
I cried to dream again

Stephano This will prove a brave kingdom to me, where I shall have my music for nothing

Caliban When Prospero is destroy'd

Stephano That shall be by and by I remember the story.

Trinculo The sound is going away, let's follow it, and after do our work

Stephano Lead, monster, we'll follow —I would I could see this taborer, he lays it on

Trinculo Wilt come? I'll follow, Stephano [Exit

SCENE III *Another part of the island*

Enter ALONSO, SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, GONZALO, ADRIAN,
FRANCISCO, and others

Gonzalo By'r lakin, I can go no further, sir;
My old bones aches · here's a maze trod, indeed,

Through forth-rights and meanders¹ By your patience,
I needs must rest me

Alonso Old lord, I cannot blame thee,
Who'm myself attach'd with weariness,
To th' dulling of my spirits sit down, and rest.
Even here I will put off my hope, and keep it
No longer for my flatterer he is drown'd
Whom thus we strive to find and the sea mocks
Our frustrate search on land Well, let him go

Antonio [*Aside to Sebastian*] I am right glad that he's so
out of hope

Do not for one repulse forego the purpose
That you resolv'd to effect.

Sebastian [*Aside to Antonio*] The next advantage
Will we take throughly

Antonio [*Aside to Sebastian*] Let it be to-night,
For, now they are oppress'd with travel, they
Will not, nor cannot, use such vigilance
As when they are fresh

Sebastian [*Aside to Antonio*] I say, to night: no more
[*Solemn and strange music*]

Alonso What harmony is this?—My good friends, hark!

Gonzalo Marvellous sweet music!

Enter PROSPERO above invisible *Enter several strange Shapes,*
bringing in a banquet they dance about it with gull actions
of salutation, and, waiting the King, etc to eat, they depart

Alonso Give us kind keepers, heavens!—What were these?

Sebastian A living drollery Now I will believe
That there are unicorns: that in Arabia
There is one tree the phoenix' throne, one phoenix
At this hour reigning there

Alonso I'll believe both,
And what does else want credit, come to me,
And I'll be sworn 'tis true: travelers ne'er did lie,
Though fools at home condemn 'em

Gonzalo

If in Naples

I should report this now, would they believe me?

If I should say, I saw such islanders,—

For, certes, these are people of the island,—

Who, though they are of monstrous shape, yet, note,

Their manners are more gentle, kind, than of

Our human generation you shall find

Many, nay, almost any

Prospero [*Aside*]

Honest lord,

Thou hast said well, for some of you there present

Are worse than devils.

Alonso

I cannot too much muse

Such shapes, such gesture, and such sound, expressing—

Although they want the use of tongue—a kind

Of excellent dumb discourse

Prospero [*Aside*]

Praise in departing

Francisco They vanish'd strangely*Sebastian*

No matter, since

They have left their viands behind, for we have stomachs—

Will't please you taste of what is here?

Alonso

Not I

Gonzalo Faith, sir, you need not fear When we were boys,

Who would believe that there were mountaineers

Dew-lapp'd like bulls, whose throats had hanging at 'em

Wallets of flesh? or that there were such men

Whose heads stood in their breasts? which now we find

Each putter-out of five for one will bring us

Good warrant of

Alonso

I will stand to, and feed,

Although my last no matter, since I feel

The best is past—Brother, my lord the duke,

Stand to, and do as we

Thunder and lightning Enter ARIEL, like a harpy, claps his wings upon the table, and with a quaint device the banquet vanishes

Prospero [*Aside*] Bravely the figure of this harpy hast thou Perform'd, my Ariel, a grace it had, devouring.
Of my instruction hast thou nothing bated
In what thou hadst to say so, with good life
And observation strange, my meaner ministers
Their several kinds have done My high charms wo...,
And these mine enemies are all knit up
In their distractions they now are in my power,
And in these fits I leave them, while I visit
Young Ferdinand,—whom they suppose is drown'd,—
And his and mine lov'd darling [*Exit above*]

Gonzalo I' th' name of something holy, sir, why stand you
In this strange stare?

Alonso O, it is monstrous, monstrous!
Methought the billows spoke, and told me of it,
The winds did sing it to me, and the thunder,
That deep and dreadful organ-pipe, pronounc'd
The name of Prosper: it did bass my trespass
Therefore my son i' th' ooze is bedded, and
I'll seek him deeper than e'er plummet sounded,
And with him there lie mudded [*Exit*]

Sebastian But one fiend at a time,
I'll fight their legions o'er

Antonio. I'll be thy second
[*Exeunt Sebastian and Antonio*]

Gonzalo All three of them are desperate then great guilt,
Like poison given to work a great time after,
Now 'gins to bite the spirits—I do beseech you
That are of suppler joints, follow them swiftly,
And hinder them from what this ecstasy
May now provoke them to

Adrian Follow, I pray you [*Exeunt.*]



ACT IV

SCENE I *Before PROSPERO'S cell*

Enter PROSPERO, FERDINAND, and MIRANDA.

Prospero If I have too austere^{ly} punish'd you,
Your compensation makes amends for I
Have given you here a thread of mine own life,

O! that for which I live who once again
 I tender to thy hand All thy vexations
 Were but my trials of thy love, and thou
 Hast strangely stood the test here, afore Heaven,
 I ratify this my rich gift O Ferdinand,
 Do not smile at me that I boast her off,
 For thou shalt find she will outstrip all praise,
 And make it halt behind her

Ferdinand I do believe it
 Against an oracle

Prospero Then, as my gift and thine own acquisition
 Worthily purchas'd, take my daughter but
 If thou dost break her virgin-knot before
 All sanctimonious ceremonies may
 With full and holy rite be minister'd,
 No sweet aspersion shall the heavens let fall
 To make this contract grow, but barren hate,
 Sour-eyed disdain, and discord shall bestrew
 The union of your bed with weeds so loathly
 That you shall hate it both therefore, take heed,
 As Hymen's lamps shall light you

Ferdinand As I hope
 For quiet days, fair issue, and long life,
 With such love as 'tis now, the murkiest den,
 The most opportune place, the strong'st suggestion
 Our worsest genius can, shall never melt
 Mine honour into lust, to take away
 The edge of that day's celebration
 When I shall think, or Phœbus' steeds are founder'd,
 Or night kept chain'd below

Prospero Fairly spoke
 Sit then and talk with her, she is thine own —
 What, Ariel! my industrious servant, Ariel!

Enter ARIEL

Ariel What would my potent master? here I am

Prospero Thou and thy meaner fellows your last service
Didst worthily perform, and I must use you
In such another trick. Go bring the rabble,
O'er whom I give thee power, here to this place
Incite them to quick motion, for I must
Bestow upon the eyes of this young couple
Some vanity of mine art: it is my promise,
And they expect it from me.

Ariel Presently?

Prospero Ay, with a twink.

Ariel Before you can say, 'come,' and 'go,'
And breathe twice, and cry, 'so, so,'
Each one, tripping on his toe,
Will be here with mop and mow —
Do you love me, master? no?

Prospero Dearly, my delicate Ariel. Do not approach
Till thou dost hear me call.

Ariel Well, I conceive [Exit]

Prospero Look thou be true, do not give dalliance
Too much the rein: the strongest oaths are straw
To th' fire i' th' blood; be more abstemious,
Or else, good night your vow!

Seaside I warrant you, sir;
The white cold virgin snow upon my heart
Abates the ardour of my liver.

Prospero Well —
Now come, my Ariel! bring a corollary,
Rather than want a spirit appear, and pertly! —
No tongue! all eyes! be silent

[Soft music]

Enter IRIS

Iris Ceres, most bounteous lady, thy rich leas

Of wheat, rye, barley, vetches, oats, and pease ,
 Thy turfy mountains, where live nibbling sheep,
 And flat meads thatch'd with stover, them to keep ,
 Thy banks with pioned and lilled brims,
 Which spongy April at thy best betrimms,
 To make cold nymphs chaste crowns , and thy broom groves,
 Whose shadow the dismissed bachelor loves,
 Being lass-lorn , thy pole-clipt vineyard ,
 And thy sea-marge, sterile and rocky-hard,
 Where thou thyself dost air,—the queen.o' th' sky,
 Whose watery arch and messenger am I,
Bids thee leave these , and with her sovereign grace,
 Here on this grass-plot, in this very place,
 To come and sport—Her peacocks fly amain
 Approach, rich Ceres, her to entertain

Enter CERES

Ceres Hail, many-colour'd messenger, that ne'er
 Dost disobey the wife of Jupiter ,
 Who, with thy saffron wings, upon my flowers
 Diffusest honey-drops, refreshing showers ,
 And with each end of thy blue bow dost crown
 My bosky acres and my unshrub'd down,
 Rich scarf to my proud earth ! Why hath thy queen
 Summon'd me hither, to this short-grass'd green ?

Iris A contract of true love to celebrate ,
 And some donation freely to estate
 On the blest lovers

Ceres Tell me, heavenly bow,
 If Venus or her son, as thou dost know,
 Do now attend the queen ? Since they did plot
 The means that dusky Dis my daughter got,
 Her and her blind boy's scandal'd company
 I have forsworn

Iris Of her society

Be not afraid I met her deity
 Cutting the clouds towards Paphos, and her son
 Dore-drawn with her Here thought they to have done
 Some wanton charm upon this man and maid,
 Whose vows are, that no bad-right shall be paid
 Till Hymen's torch be lighted but in vain,
 Mars's hot minion is return'd again,
 Her waspish headed son has broke his arrows,
 So ere he will shoot no more but play with sparrows,
 And be a boy right out.

Ceres Highest queen of state,
 Great Juno comes, I know her by her gait

Enter JUNO

Juno How does my bounteous sister? Go with me
 To bless this twain, that they may prosperous be,
 And honour'd in their issue [*They sing:*

Juno Honour, riches, marriage blessing,
 Long continuance, and increasing,
 Hourly joys be still upon you!
Juno sings her blessings on you.

Ceres Earth's increase, foison plenty,
 Barns and garbers never empty,
 Vines with clustering bunches growing;
 Plants with goodly burthen bowing;
 Spring come to you at the farthest
 In the very end of harvest!
 Scarcity and want shall shun you,
Ceres blessing so is on you.

Ferdinand This is a most majestic vision, and
 Harmonious charmingly. May I be bold
 To think these spirits?

Prospero Spirits, which by mine art
 I have from their confines call'd to enact
 My present fancies

Ferdinand Let me live here ever ,
So rare a wonder'd father and a wise
Makes this place Paradise

[*Juno and Ceres whisper, and send Iris on employment*

Prospero Sweet now, silence !
Juno and Ceres whisper seriously ,
There's something else to do hush, and be mute,
Or else our spell is marr'd

Iris. You nymphs, call'd Naiads, of the winding brooks,
With your sedg'd crowns and ever harmless looks,
Leave your crisp channels, and on this green land
Answer your summons , Juno does command
Come, temperate nymphs, and help to celebrate
A contract of true love , be not too late

Enter certain Nymphs

You sunburnt sicklemen, of August weary,
Come hither from the furrow, and be merry
Make holiday , your rye-straw hats put on,
And these fresh nymphs encounter every one
In country footing

Enter certain Reapers, properly habited they join with the Nymphs in a graceful dance, towards the end whereof PROSPERO starts suddenly, and speaks, after which, to a strange, hollow, and confused noise, they heavily vanish

Prospero [*Aside*] I had forgot that foul conspiracy
Of the beast Caliban and his confederates
Against my life , the minute of their plot
Is almost come.—[*To the Spirits*] Well done ! Avoid , no
more !

Ferdinand This is strange, your father's in some passion
That works him strongly

Miranda Never till this day
Saw I him touch'd with anger so distemper'd

Prospero You do look, my son, in a mov'd sort,
 As if you were dismay'd be cheerful, sir
 Our revels now are ended 'These our actors,
 As I foretold you, were all spirits, and ~~they~~ *they*
 Are melted into air, into thin air
 And, like the baseless fabric of this vision)
 The cloud capp'd towers the gorgeous palace:
 The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
 Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve,
 And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
 Leave not a rack behind We are such stuff
 As dreams are made on, and our little life
 Is rounded with a sleep }—Sir, I am vex'd,
 Bear with my weakness, my old brain is troubled.
 Be not disturb'd with my infirmity
 If you be pleas'd, retire into my cell
 And there repose a turn or two I'll walk,
 To still my beating mind

Ferdinand Miranda We wish your peace [*Exeunt*
Prospero Come with a thought I thank thee, Ariel come!

Enter ARIEL

Ariel Thy thoughts I cleave to What's thy pleasure?

Prospero Spirit,

We must prepare to meet with Caliban

Ariel Ay, my commander when I presented Ceres,
 I thought to have told thee of it, but I fear'd
 Lest I might anger thee

Prospero Say again, where didst thou leave these varlets?

Ariel I told you, sir, they were red-hot with drinking,
 So full of valour that they smote the air ~~for~~ *for*
 For breathing in their faces, beat the ground
 For lassing of their feet, yet always bending
 Forwards their project Then I beat my tabor,
 At which, like unback'd colts, they prick'd their ears,

Advanc'd their eyelids, lifted up their noses
 As they smelt music so I charm'd their ears,
 That, calf-like, they my lowing follow'd through
 Tooth'd briers, sharp furzes, pricking gorse, and thorns,
 Which enter'd their frail shins at last I left them
 I' th' filthy mantled pool beyond your cell,
 There dancing up to th' chins, that the foul lake
 O'erstunk their feet

Prospero This was well done, my bird
 Thy shape invisible retain thou still
 The trumpery in my house, go bring it hither,
 For stale to catch these thieves

Ariel I go, I go [Exit

Prospero A devil, a born devil, on whose nature
 Nurture can never stick, on whom my pains,
 Humanely taken, all, all lost, quite lost,
 And as with age his body uglier grows,
 So his mind cankers I will plague them all,
 Even to roaring —

Enter ARIEL, laden with glistering apparel, etc

Come hang them on this line

PROSPERO and ARIEL remain invisible *Enter CALIBAN,
 STEPHANO, and TRINCULO, all wet*

Caliban Pray you, tread softly, that the blind mole may
 not

Hear a foot fall we now are near his cell

Stephano Monster, your fairy, which you say is a harmless
 fairy, has done little better than play'd the Jack with us —
 Do you hear, monster? If I should take a displeasure against
 you, look you, —

Trinculo Thou wert but a lost monster

Caliban Good my lord, give me thy favour still
 Be patient, for the prize I'll bring thee to

Shall hoodwink this mischance therefore speak softly
 All's hush'd as midnight yet

Trinculo Ay, but to lose our bottles in the pool,—

Stephano There is not only disgrace and dishonour in
 that, monster, but an infinite loss

Trinculo That's more to me than my wetting yet this is
 your harmless fairy, monster

Stephano I will fetch off my bottle, though I be o'er ears
 for my labour

Caliban Præthee, my king, be quiet Seest thou here,
 This is the mouth o' th' cell no noise, and enter
 Do that good mischief which may make this island
 Thine own for ever, and I, thy Caliban,
 For aye thy foot-licker

Stephano Give me thy hand I do begin to have bloody
 thoughts

Trinculo O King Stephano! O peer! O worthy Stepha-
 no! look what a wardrobe here is for thee!

Caliban Let it alone, thou fool, it is but trash

Trinculo O ho, monster! we know what belongs to a frip-
 pery — O King Stephano!

Stephano Put off that gown, Trinculo, by this hand,
 I'll have that gown

Trinculo Thy grace shall have it

Caliban The dropsy drown this fool! What do you mean,
 To dote thus on such luggage? Let's alone,
 And do the murther first if he awake,
 I rom toe to crown he'll fill our skins with pinches,
 Make us strange stuff

Stephano Be you quiet, monster — Mistress line, is not this
 my jerkin? Now is the jerkin under the line now, jerkin,
 you are like to lose your hair, and prove a bald jerkin

Trinculo Do, do we steal by line and level, an't like your
 grace

Stephano I thank thee for that jest, here's a garment for't.

wit shall not go unrewarded while I am king of this country
"Steal by line and level" is an excellent pass of pate, there's
another garment for't

Trinculo. Monster, come, put some lime upon your fingers,
and away with the rest

Caliban I will have none on't we shall lose our time,
And all be turn'd to barnacles, or to apes
With foreheads villanous low

Stephano Monster, lay-to your fingers help to bear this
away where my hogshhead of wine is, or I'll turn you out of
my kingdom go to, carry this

Trinculo And this

Stephano Ay, and this

*A noise of hunters heard Enter divers Spirits, in shape of
dogs and hounds, and hunt them about, PROSPERO and ARIEL
setting them on.*

Prospero Hey, Mountain, hey!

Ariel Silver! there it goes, Silver!

Prospero Fury, Fury! there, Tyrant, there! hark, hark!

[Caliban, Stephano, and Trinculo are driven out

Go charge my goblins that they grind their joints
With dry convulsions, shorten up their sinews
With aged cramps, and more pinch-spotted make them
Than pard or cat o' mountain

Ariel Hark, they roar!

Prospero Let them be hunted soundly At this hour
Lies at my mercy all mine enemies
Shortly shall all my labours end, and thou
Shalt have the air at freedom For a little
Follow, and do me service

[Exeunt.]



ACT V

SCENE I *Before the cell of Prospero*

Enter PROSPERO in his magic robes, and ARIEL

Prospero Now does my project gather to a head
My charms crack not, my spells obey, and Time
Goes upright with his carriage. How's the day?

Ariel On the sixth hour, at which time, my lord,
You said our work should cease

Prospero I did say so,
When first I rais'd the tempest Say, my spirit,
How fares the king and's followers?

Ariel Confin'd together
In the same fashion as you gave in charge,
Just as you left them, all prisoners, sir,
In the line-grove which weather-fends your cell,
They cannot budge till your release The king,
His brother, and yours, abide all three distracted,
And the remainder mourning over them,
Brimful of sorrow and dismay, but chiefly
Him that you term'd, sir, the good old lord, Gonzalo,
His tears run down his beard, like winter's drops
From eaves of reeds Your charm so strongly works 'em
That if you now beheld them, your affections
Would become tender

Prospero Dost thou think so, spirit

Ariel Mine would, sir, were I human

Prospero And mine shall.
Hast thou, which art but air, a touch, a feeling
Of their afflictions, and shall not myself,
One of their kind, that relish all as sharply
Passion as they, be kinder mov'd than thou art?
Though with their high wrongs I am struck to the quick,
Yet with my nobler reason 'gainst my fury
Do I take part The rarer action is
In virtue than in vengeance they being penitent,
The sole drift of my purpose doth extend
Not a frown further Go release them, Ariel
My charms I'll break, their senses I'll restore,
And they shall be themselves

Ariel I'll fetch them, sir [*Exit*

Prospero Ye elves of hills, brooks, standing lakes, and
groves,

And ye that on the sands with printless foot
 Do chase the ebbing Neptune and do fly him
 When he comes back, you demi-puppets that
 By moonshine do the green sour ringlets make,
 Whereof the eve not bites, and you whose pastime
 Is to make midnight mushrooms, that rejoice
 To hear the solemn curfew by whose aid—
 Work masters though ye be—I have bedimm'd
 The noon-day sun, call'd forth the mutinous winds,
 And twixt the green sea and the azur'd vault
 Set roaring war to the dread rattling thunder
 Have I given fire, and rifted Jove's stout oak
 With his own bolt the strong-bas'd promontory
 Have I made shake, and by the spurs pluck'd up
 The pine and cedar graves at my command
 Have wak'd their sleepers, op'd, and let 'em forth
 By my so potent art But this rough magic
 I here abjure, and, when I have requir'd
 Some heavenly music—which even now I do,—
 To work mine end upon their senses, that
 This airy charm is for, I'll break my staff,
 Bury it certain fathoms in the earth,
 And deeper than did ever plummet sound
 I'll drown my book

[Solemn music.]

Here enter ARIEL before the ALONSO, with a frantic gesture, attended by GONZALO SEBASTIAN and ANTONIO in like manner, attended by ADRIAN and FRANCISCO they all enter the circle which PROSPERO had made and there stand charmed; touch PROSPERO observing, speaks.

A solemn air, and the best comforter
 To an unsettled fancy, cure thy brains,
 Now useless, boil'd within thy skull ' There stand,
 For you are spell stopp'd—
 Holy Gonzalo honourable man,

Mine eyes, even sociable to the show of thine,
 Fall fellowly drops — The charm dissolves apace,
 And as the morning steals upon the night,
 Melting the darkness, so their rising senses
 Begin to chase the ignorant fumes that mantle
 Their clearer reason — O good Gonzalo,
 My true preserver, and a loyal sir
 To him thou follow'st¹ I will pay thy graces
 Home both in word and deed Most cruelly
 Didst thou, Alonso, use me and my daughter
 Thy brother was a furtherer in the act, —
 Thou art pinch'd for't now, Sebastian — Flesh and blood,
 You, brother mine, that entertain'd ambition,
 Expell'd remorse and nature, who, with Sebastian, —
 Whose inward pinches therefore are most strong, —
 Would here have kill'd your king, I do forgive thee,
 Unnatural though thou art — Their understanding
 Begins to swell, and the approaching tide
 Will shortly fill the reasonable shore,
 That now lies foul and muddy Not one of them
 That yet looks on me, or would know me — Ariel,
 Fetch me the hat and rapier in my cell
 I will discase me, and myself present
 As I was sometime Milan Quickly, spirit,
 Thou shalt ere long be free

ARIEL sings, and helps to attire him

Where the bee sucks, there suck I

In a cowslip's bell I lie,

There I couch when owls do cry

O, the bat's back I do fly

After summer merrily

Merrily, merrily, shall I live now

Under the blossom that hangs on the bough

Prospero Why, that's my dainty Ariel! I shall miss thee,

But yet thou shalt have freedom —so, so, so —
To the king's ship, invisible as thou art
There shalt thou find the mariners asleep
Under the hatches, the master and the boatswain
Being awake, enforce them to this place,
And presently, I prithee

Ariel I drink the air before me, and return
Or ere your pulse twice beat [Exit]

Gonzalo All torment, trouble, wonder, and amazement
Inhibits here some heavenly power guide us
Out of this fearful country!

Prospero Behold, Sir King,
The wronged Duke of Milan Prospero
For more assurance that a living prince
Does now speak to thee, I embrace thy body,
And to thee and thy company I bid
A hearty welcome

Alonso Whe'r thou beest he or no,
Or some enchanted trifle to abuse me,
As late I have been, I not know. thy pulse
Beats as of flesh and blood, and, since I saw thee,
Th' affliction of my mind amends, with which,
I fear, a madness held me This must crave—
An if this be at all—a most strange story.
Thy dukedom I resign and do entreat
Thou pardon me my wrongs —But how should Prospero
Be living and be here?

Prospero First, noble friend,
Let me embrace thine age, whose honour cannot
Be measur'd or confin'd

Gonzalo Whether this be
Or be not, I'll not swear

Prospero You do yet taste

Some subtleties o' th' isle, that will not let you
Believe things certain —Welcome, my friends all !—

[*Aside to Sebastian and Antonio*] But you, my brace of lords,
were I so minded,

I here could pluck his highness' frown upon you,
And justify you traitors at this time

I'll tell no tales

Sebastian [*Aside*] The devil speaks in him

Prospero

No —

For you, most wicked sir, whom to call brother
Would even infect my mouth, I do forgive
Thy rankest fault,—all of them, and require
My dukedom of thee, which perforce I know
Thou must restore

Alonso

If thou beest Prospero,

Give us particulars of thy preservation

How thou hast met us here, whom three hours since
Were wrack'd upon this shore, where I have lost—
How sharp the point of this remembrance is !—
My dear son Ferdinand

Prospero

I am woe for't, sir

Alonso Irreparable is the loss, and patience

Says it is past her cure

Prospero

I rather think

You have not sought her help, of whose soft grace
For the like loss I have her sovereign aid,
And rest myself content

Alonso

You the like loss ?

Prospero As great to me as late, and supportable
To make the dear loss have I means much weaker
Than you may call to comfort you, for I
Have lost my daughter

Alonso

A daughter ?

O heavens, that they were living both in Naples,
The king and queen there ! that they were, I wish

Myself were mudded in that oozy bed
 Where my son lies When did you lose your daughter?
Prospero In this last tempest I perceive, these lords
 At this encounter do so much admire,
 That they devour their reason, and scarce think
 Their eyes do offices of truth, their words
 Are natural breath but, howsoever you have
 Been jostled from your senses, know for certain
 That I am Prospero, and that very duke
 Which was thrust forth of Milan, who most strangely
 Upon this shore, where you were wrack'd, was landed,
 To be the lord on't No more yet of this,
 For 'tis a chronicle of day by day,
 Not a relation for a breakfast, nor
 Becfitting this first meeting Welcome, sir,
 This cell's my court here have I few attendants,
 And subjects none abroad pray you, look in
 My dukedom since you have given me again,
 I will requite you with as good a thing,
 At least bring forth a wonder, to content ye
 As much as me my dukedom *

*Here PROSPERO discovers FERDINAND and MIRANDA playing
 at chess*

Miranda Sweet lord, you play me false

Ferdinand No, my dearest love,

I would not for the world

Miranda Yes, for a score of kingdoms you should wrangle,
 And I would call it fair play

Alonso If this prove

A vision of the island, one dear son
 Shall I twice lose

Sebastian A most high miracle!

Ferdinand Though the seas threaten, they are merciful,
 I have cur'd them without cause

Kneels.

Alonso Now all the blessings
Of a glad father compass thee about !
Arise, and say how thou cam'st here

Miranda O, wonder !
How many goodly creatures are there here !
How beauteous mankind is ! O brave new world,
That has such people in't !

Prospero 'Tis new to thee

Alonso What is this maid with whom thou wast at play ?
Your eld'st acquaintance cannot be three hours
Is she the goddess that hath sever'd us,
And brought us thus together ?

Ferdinand Sir, she is mortal ,
But by immo-tal Providence she's mine
I chose her when I could not ask my father
For his advice, nor thought I had one She
Is daughter to this famous Duke of Milan,
Of whom so often I have heard renown,
But never saw before , of whom I have
Receiv'd a second life, and second father
This lady makes him to me

Alonso I am hers
But, O, how oddly will it sound, that I
Must ask my child forgiveness !

Prospero There, sir, stop
Let us not burthen our remembrances
With a heaviness that's gone

Gonzalo I have inly wept,
'Or should have spoke ere this Look down, you gods,
And on this couple drop a blessed crown !
For it is you that have chalk'd forth the way
Which brought us hither

Alonso I say Amen, Gonzalo !

Gonzalo Was Milan thrust from Milan, that his issue
Should become kings of Naples ? O, rejoice

Beyond a common joy ' and set it down
 With gold on lasting pillars —In one voyage
 Did I myself her husband find at Tunis ,
 And Ferdinand her brother found a wife,
 Where he himself was lost , Prospero his dukedom,
 In a poor isle and all of us ourselves,
 When no man was his own

Alonso [*to Ferdinand and Miranda*] Give me your hands :
 Let grief and sorrow still embrace his heart
 That doth not wish you joy '

Gonzalo Be it so ! Amen !

Enter ARIEL, with the Master and Boatswain amazedly following

O, look, sir ! look, sir ! here is more of us
 I prophesied, if a gallows were on land,
 'This fellow could not drown —Now, blasphemy,
 That swear'st grace o'erboard, not an oath on shore ?
 Hast thou no mouth by land ? What is the news ?

Boatswain The best news is, that we have safely found
 Our king and company , the next, our ship—
 Which, but three glasses since, we gave out split—
 Is tight, and yare, and bravely rigg'd as when
 We first put out to sea

Ariel [*Aside to Prospero*] Sir, all this service
 Have I done since I went

Prospero [*Aside to Ariel*] My tricksy spirit !

Alonso These are not natural events , they strengthen
 From strange to stranger —Say, how came you hither ?

Boatswain If I did think, sir, I were well awake,
 I'd strive to tell you We were dead of sleep,
 And—how we live now not—all clapp'd under hatches ,
 Where, but even now, with strange and several noises
 Of roaring shrieking, howling, jingling chains,
 And more universy of sounds, all horrible,

We were awak'd, straightway, at liberty,
 Where we, in all her trim, freshly beheld
 Our royal, good, and gallant ship, our master
 Capering to eye her—On a trice, so please you,
 Even in a dream, were we divided from them
 And were brought moping hither.

Ariel [*Aside to Prospero*] Was't well done?

Prospero [*Aside to Ariel*]. Bravely, my diligence. Thou shalt be free

Alonso This is as strange a maze as e'er men trod,
 And there is in this business more than nature
 Was ever conduct of—some oracle
 Must rectify our knowledge.

Prospero Sir, my liege,
 Do not infect your mind with beating on
 The strangeness of this business—At pick'd leisure,
 Which shall be shortly, single I'll resolve you,
 Which to you shall seem probable, of every
 These happen'd accidents, till when be cheerful,
 And think of each thing well [*Aside to Ariel*] Come hither,
 Set Caliban and his companions free, [*spirit*—
 Untie the spell. [*Exit Ariel*] How fares my gracious sir?
 There are yet missing of your company
 Some few odd lads that you remember not

*Enter ARIEL, dressed in CALIBAN, STEPHANO, and TRINCULO,
 in their stolen apparel*

Stephano Every man shift for all the rest, and let no man
 take care for himself, for all is but fortune—Coragio, bully-
 monster, coragio!

Trinculo. If these be true spies which I wear in my head,
 here's a goodly sight

Caliban O Setebos, these be brave spirits indeed!
 How fine my master is! I am afraid
 He will chastise me

Caliban Ay, that I will, and I'll be wise hereafter,
And seek for grace What a thrice-double ass
Was I, to take this drunkard for a god,
And worship this dull fool!

Prospero Go to, away!

Alonso Hence, and bestow your luggage where you found
it

Sebastian Or stole it, rather

[*Exeunt Caliban, Stephano, and Trinculo*]

Prospero Sir, I invite your highness and your train
To my poor cell, where you shall take your rest
For this one night, which, part of it, I'll waste
With such discourse as, I not doubt, shall make it
Go quick away,—the story of my life,
And the particular accidents gone by
Since I came to this isle and in the morn
I'll bring you to your ship, and so to Naples,
Where I have hope to see the nuptial
Of these our dear-belov'd solemnized, *Caliban, Stephano, and Trinculo*
And thence retire me to my Milan, where
Every third thought shall be my grave

Alonso I long
To hear the story of your life, which must
Take the ear strangely

Prospero I'll deliver all,
And promise you calm seas, auspicious gales,
And sail so expeditious that shall catch
Your royal fleet far off [*Aside to Ariel*] My Ariel, chick,
That is thy charge then to the elements
Be free, and fare thou well!—Please you, draw near

[*Exeunt*]

EPILOGUE¹

SPOKEN BY PROSPERO

[Now my charms are all o'erthrown,
And what strength I have's mine own,
Which is most faint now, 'tis true,
I must be here confin'd by you,
Or sent to Naples Let me not,
Since I have my dukedom got,
And pardon'd the deceiver, dwell
In this bare island by your spell,
But release me from my bands
With the help of your good hands
Gentle breath of yours my sails
Must fill, or else my project fails,
Which was to please. Now I want
Spirits to enforce, art to enchant,
And my ending is despair,
Unless I be relië'd by prayer,
Which pierces so that it assaults
Mercy itself, and frees all faults
As you from crimes would pardon'd be,
Let your indulgence set me free]



NOTES.

ABBREVIATIONS USED IN THE NOTES

- Abbott (or Gr.), Aubott's *Shakespeare as Grammar*
 A S, Anglo-Saxon
 B and F, Beaumont and Fletcher
 C, Craik's *English of Shakespeare* (Rolfe's edition)
 Cf (or for) compare
 Com Milton's *Comus*
 D Dyce
 E Fowler's *English Language* (8vo edition)
 I Q, Spenser's *Faerie Queene*
 Fol, following
 Fr French
 H Hudson
 Id (idem) the same
 Il Pens Milton's *Il Penseroso*
 K, Knight
 Mer Rolfe's edition of *The Merchant of Venice*
 N F, Norman French
 P L Milton's *Paradise Lost*
 Phil ed Notes of Studies on *The Tempest* by Shakespeare Society of Phila.
 Pro, Prologue
 Rich Richardson's Dictionary (London, 1838)
 S Shakespeare
 Shep Cal Spenser's *Shepherd's Calendar*
 S, Singer
 St Sturges
 V, Verplanck
 Var ed the *Variation* edition of Shakespeare (1821)
 W, White
 Wb, Webster's Dictionary (revised quarto edition of 1864)
 Woc, Worcester's Dictionary (quarto edition)

The abbreviations of the names of Shakespeare's Plays will be readily understood, as *I A* for *Twelfth Night* *Cor* for *Coriolanus*, 3 *Hen VI* for *The Third Part of King Henry the Sixth*, etc. *P P* refers to *The Passionate Pilgrim* *I ana A* to *Ianus and Adonis*, *L C* to *A Lover's Complaint*, and *Sonn* to the *Sonnets*.



NOTES.

ACT I

SCENE I—In the first folio, the play is divided into acts and scenes. At the end, printed side by side with the Epilogue, a list of *di amatis personæ* is given, under the heading "*Names of the Actors*," and above this is "The Scene, an vn-inhabited Island"

What cheer? On *cheer*, see *Mer* p 152

Good, speake to th' mariners That is, good *boatswain* or *fellow*, as D, W, and others explain it. The folio has "Good Speake to th' Mariners" and H and others retain that pointing, making *good*=good *cheer*. But the cheer was *not* good, as they were running aground. Cf also just below, "Nay, good, be patient," and *Ham* 1 1 "Good now, sit down"

Yarely Readily, nimbly, from *yare*, quick, active. Cf *T N* III 4, "be yare in thy preparation," *M for M* IV 2 "you shall find me yare" *A and C* V 2 "Yare, yare, good Iras, quick," etc. So in Chaucer, *Legend of Good Women*, 2268 "This Tereus let make hys shippes yare," that is, had his ships made ready

Cheerly An example of "-ly found with a noun, and yet not appearing to convey an adjectival meaning" Gr 447 Cf "angerly," *Macb* III 5, "hungerly," *Oth* III 4, etc. S uses *cheerly* often, but *cheerily* not once. Rich gives an example of the latter from B and F. Milton has *cheerly* in *L'Allegro*—the only instance in which he uses either

Tend Attend, as often Cf *Rich* III IV 1 "Good angels tend thee" *Lear*, II 1 "knights that tend upon my father," etc

If room enough If there be set room enough. Cf *Per* iii 1: "But set room, and (an) the brine and cloudy billows kiss the moon, I care not."

Play the men Play the part of men, behave like men. Cf 2 *Sam* x. 12. See also Chapman's *Iliad*, bk. v. —

Which doing thou shalt know what soldiers play the men,
And what the cowards."

And Marlowe's *Tamburlaine*, i 1: "Viceroys and peers of Turkey, play the men."

Where is the master, Leontes? The folio has "Boson," which W. retains, but his reasons for it are hardly satisfactory.

Let us assist the storm Cf *Per* iii. 1: "Patience, good sir, do not assist the storm."

Hot cares true retrics, etc. H. and others change *cares* to *cars*, but *cars* is probably an example of the old plural in -s. See *M.* p. 136 (note on *Darius taches them suspect*) and Gr 333. Of course no typographical error is possible in cases where the *rhyme* requires the form in s, as

"There lies
His kinsmen digg'd their graves with weeping eyes,"
Rich II iii 3.

"She lifts the coffin lids that close his eyes,
Where lo! is a lamp burnt out in darkness lies,"
I and *A* 1128.

"Those petty wrongs that liberty commits
The beauty and thy years full well besits"
Sonnet 41.

"And to their audit comes
Their distract parcels in combined sums,"
L C 230.

To eat it Abbott (*Gr* 90) gives many similar examples of the omission of the, as "At door" (*H* 7 iv 4 and *T* of *S* iv 1), "At end" (*Cor* iv. 7), "To west" (*S* iii 33) etc.

Of the present Cf *J C* i 2: "For this present," and *1 Cor* xv 6.

He thinks See *Ver* p. 135, note on *Mithought*.

He hath no drawing mark upon him, etc. The allusion to the familiar proverb is obvious. Cf *T G* of *V* i 1: —

"Go go begone to save your ship from wrack,
Which cannot perish having thee aboard
Being destin'd to a surer death on shore."

Down with the topmast, etc. Striking the topmast was a new invention in S's time, which he here very properly introduces. Lord Mulgrave, who shows that this whole scene is "a very striking instance of the great accuracy of S's knowledge in a professional science, the most difficult to attain without the help of experience," explains this manoeuvre as follows: "The gale entering the topmast is struck to take the weight from aloft, make the ship drive less to leeward, and bear the mainsail under which the ship is hauled to." *For* it is in the imperative mood.

Bring her to try — *in* *mut* *course*. Marlowe quotes Hakluyt's *Voyages* (1598): "And when the barke had way, we cut the hawser, and so gave the sea to our friend, and tried out all that day with our maine course."

The phrase is also found in Smith's *Sea Grammar*, 1627. The folio reads, "bring her to Try with Maine-course," and W thinks it should be pointed thus "Bring her to try wi'th' main course"

I'll warrant him for drowning For here may be either "as regards" or "against." Examples of the latter meaning are —

"Somme shal sowe the sakke, quod Piers, for shedvng of the whele"

Piers the Plowman's Vision, vi 9.

"And next his schert an aketoun,

And over that an hiberoun,

For persvng of his hert"

Chaucer, *Sir Thofas*

"We'll have a bib for spoiling of thy doublet"

B and F, *Captain*, iii 5

"If he were too long for the bed, they cut off his legs, for catching cold"

Lyl, *Euphues*

Lay her a hold, a-hold To lay a ship a-hold is to bring her to lie as near to the wind as she can, in order to keep clear of the land, and get her out to sea. [Stevens]

Set her two courses That is, the mainsail ("the main course," above) and foresail. The folio reads "Lay her a hold, a hold, set her two courses off to Sea againe, ly her off," and some modern editors put no point after "courses"

Must our mouths be cold? Must we die? It has been suggested (Philaed) that it may mean, Must we resort to cowardly prayers? and the following from B and F (*Sea Voyage*, i 1, an imitation of *The Tempest*) is cited in support of the explanation —

'Thou rascal thou fearful rogue, thou hast been praying

— is this a time

To discourage our friends with your cold orisons?"

We are merely cheated, etc. Absolutely cheated Cf "mere enemy," *M of I* iii 2, "the mere perdition (that is, the entire destruction) of the Turkish fleet," *Oil* ii 2, "the mere undoing (the complete ruin) of all the kingdom," *Hen VIII* iii 2; etc. So in Bacon's 58th *Essay* "As for conflagrations and great droughts, they do not merely (that is, entirely) dispeople and destroy," where most of the modern editors (Montague and Whately included), mistaking the meaning, have changed "and destroy" to "but destroy"

To glut him To swallow him Cf Milton, *P L* v 633 "sucked and glutted offal"

Long heath, brown furze Hanmer suggested "ling, heath, broom, furze," which D adopts, but there seems no good reason for altering the text of the folio

SCENE II.—*Mourning to the welkin's cheek* Cf *Rich II* iii 3 —

"Their thundering shock

At meeting tears the cloudy cheeks of heaven"

Who had no doubt some noble creature in her On *who=which*, see *Mer* p 144 (note on *Of gold, who*) and Gr 264. D, St., and some others change *creature* to *creatures*

Or ere The *or* is undoubtedly the A S *ær* (our *ere*) which appears in early English in the forms *or*, *air*, *ei*, *aur*, *or*, *eor*. We find *or*=before in Chaucer, as in the *Knights Tale*, 1685 "Cler was the day, as I have told or this" and later, as in Latinier and Ascham. *Ere* seems to have been added to *or* for emphasis when the meaning of the latter was dying out. In early English we find such combinations as *erst er*, *before er*, *before or* (Mätzner iii 451).

Some explain *or ere*, which they write *or ær*, as a contraction of *or ær* = before ever. *Or ær* is, indeed, not unfrequently found (in the Bible, for instance in *Eccles* vii 6, *Prov* viii 23, *Dan* vi 24, etc.); but, as Abbott remarks (Gr 131), it is much more likely that *ær* should be substituted for *ere* than *ere* for *ær*.

Frighth Making up her *fraught*, or freight. S does not use *frighth*, either as a verb or a noun. See note on *fraught*, in *Mer* p 145.

More better For other examples of double comparatives and superlatives in S, see *Mer* p 159 (note on *more elder*), and Gr 11.

Full from all Full=to the full, very. Cf "full sorry," *A and C* i 1, etc.

Meddle with my thoughts That is, mingle with them. Cf Wiclif *Matt* xxv 24 "wyn medlid with gill," *John*, vii 39 "a medling of myrre and aloes," Chaucer, *Legend of Good Women*, 874.

"How medeleth she his blood with hir compleyn e"

Spenser, *Shep Cal Apr* 68

"The radde rose medled with the white yfere,"

Harker, *Feel Pol* iv 8 "A meddled estate of the orders of the Gospel and the ceremonies of poperie," etc.

Lie there is, art Fuller (*Ho's State*, iv 6) says that Lord Burlough, when he put off his gown at night, used to say, "Lie there, Lord Treasurer."

The direfult spectacle of the wrack The word is invariably *wrack* in S. In *Lucius* we have it rhyming with *bazl*.

The very virtue of compassion The very essence or soul of it.

Inter with such provision Hunter suggested *prevision*, which D adopts, but, as Mrs. Kemble remarks (*Atlantic Monthly*, vol viii p. 290), "It is very true that *provision* means the foresight that his art gave him, but *provision* implies the exercise of that foresight or *prevision*, it is therefore better, because more comprehensive."

So soft's a dove's foot that there is no soul— This is quite obviously an instance of tautology but Theo proposed *no soul*, and Pope followed him. Capell read *so loss*, Rowe and Warburton, *no so it lost*. Johnson suggested *so so*.

But The *ed* of the participle is often omitted after *d* and *t*. Gr 342. Thus we have *about* (*Rich III* i 5), *bleat* (*Ham* iii 4), *enslaid* (*Measure for Measure* ii 4) etc. A few lines below we have "The very rats instinctively have *guilt*"

Out three years and Out—past, more than. Nares explains it as "completely." Cf "Be a boy right out" iv 1. See Gr 183.

Twelve year since, etc. The folio reads, "Twelve yere since (*Miranda*),

twelve yere since." Pope needlessly changed *year* to *years*, and some recent editors have followed him

And his only heir, etc. The reading of the folio is,

"Was Duke of *Milaine*, and his onely heire,
And Princesse no worse Issued."

With a slight change in the pointing this is clear enough, but Hanmer made it read

"Was Duke of Milan, thou his only heir
And princess, no worse issued"

Pope then changed "And princess" to "A princess." D adopts both emendations

Help I or *holpen*, the old participle of *help* For the full form see *Ps* lxxviii S *Dan* vi 34, etc. The contracted form is common in early writers, as in *Purs the Plowman's Vision*, iv 169 "For ofte hīue I, quod he, holpe you atte barre" *Help* is properly the past tense of *help* and S uses it as such in *Cor* i 3 "I help to frame thee," *Luar*, iii 7 "he help the heavens to rain," etc. He uses *help* (and *help'st*) in sixteen times, and *helped* (as past tense and participle) only six times

Tien Grief, trouble. Cf *R and J* i 3 "to my teen be it spoken," *L L L* iv 3 "of groans, of sorrow, and of teen," etc. Also, Spenser, *F Q* i 9, 34 "for dread and dolefull teen," *Shep Cal Nov* 41 "my woeful teen," etc.

Which is from my remembrance That is, away from Often so used, as *J C* i 3 "clean from the purpose," *T N* i 5 "This is from my commission," etc. See Gr 158

My brother and thy uncle, etc. Thus, with the following speech of Prospero, has well been called "a network of anacolutha" "The subject, *My brother*, is dropped, and taken up again as *he whom*, and finally in *false uncle*, before its verb (but only after another interruption) is reached in *new created* A parenthesis begins with *as at that time*, but it ceases to be treated as a parenthesis, and eddies into the main current of expression at *These being all my study*" (Phila ed)

Manage See *Mer* p 153

As at that time The *as* is probably redundant here, as it often is in statements of time In early English *as* is often prefixed to dates "as this year of grace," etc. Chaucer has *as now*, *as here*, etc. = *now*, *here*, etc. Prof G Allen (Phila ed), who was the first to call attention to this use of *as* in S, quotes the Collect for Christmas in the Prayer-Book "Almighty God, who hast given us thy only-begotten Son to take our nature upon him, and *as at this time* to be born," etc. See also Gr 114. Cf *M for M* i 1 "One Lucio as then the messenger"

Through all the signories it was the first Botero (*Relations of the World*, 1630) says, "Milan claims to be the first duchy in Europe."

Who I advance, and who, etc. On *who*=*whom*, see *Mer* pp 131, 143, and Gr 274

To trash for overthrowing A metaphor taken from hunting To *trash* a hound was to check or hamper him, so that he would not *set top* or outrun the pack Cf *Oth* ii i

"If this poor trash of Venice, whom I trash
For his quick hunting"

For another explanation, see note on the passage in *Var* edit, or Dyce's *Glossary* under *trash*

Treat new *Leaves* So that now he was, a common ellipsis Gr 283
The ivy, etc. The ivy was thought to be a parasitic plant and injurious to trees Cf *C of L* ii 2 "usurping ivy"

Out of it See *Mer* p 143, and Gr 182

Closeness Privacy, seclusion Cf the use of *close* and *closely*, as, "a close (secret) exploit of death" (*Rich III* ii 2), "we have closely (privately) sent for Hamlet" (*Ham* iii 1), etc

But by being so retir'd "Were it only for the retirement it procured me," or perhaps, *except for* its being so retired

Like a good parent "Alluding to the observation that a father above the common rate of men has commonly a son below it. *Heroum filii novae* (Johnson)

Sans bound Without limit. As Nares remarks, "a general combination seems to have subsisted, among all our poets, to introduce this French word, certainly very convenient for their verse, into the English language, but in *run*, the country never received it, and it has always appeared as an exotic, even though the elder poets Anglicized its form into *saunce*, or gave it the English pronunciation" In a familiar passage in *A Y L* (ii 7), S uses it four times in a single line. Cf also *L. L. L* i 2.

"My love to thee is sound, sans crack or flaw
Resolv'd Sans sans, I pray you."

Lorded Made a lord Cf *stranger'd*=made a stranger (*Lear*, i 1), and *servanted*=made subservient (*Cor* v 2) But *kinged*=ruled (*K. John*, ii 1), *fathered*=provided with a father (*J C* ii 1, and *Lear*, iii 6), *loved*=gifted with a lover (*L C*), etc. See Gr 294.

Re-ent The accent on the penult, as in *Ham* iii 2 "from thee that no revenue hast," and *M A D* i 1 "Of great revenue, and she hath no child," but in the same scene of *M A D* we find it with the modern accent "I long withering out a young man's revenue" For a list of words used by S with "the accent nearer the end than with us," see Gr 490, but *re-ent* is omitted

Let one who unto truth, etc. The folio has *into* truth, which D retains, quoting as another instance of *into* for *unto*, "And pray God's blessing into thy attempt," *I H* i 3 In "telling of it," it refers to *he*, by anticipation As is omitted before "To credit" Cf "so fond to come abroad," *M of I* iii 3, "so big to hold so much," *T A* ii 4, etc Gr 281

Hast thou hear? On S's use of *thou* and *you*, see Gr 231-235

He needs will be On *needs*, see *Mer* p 141, and Gr 25.

Me, for n an' As for me D says, "For me. large enough," and compares *T of A* i 1 —

"Whose thoughtless natures—O abhorred spirits—
Not all the whips of heaven are large enough," etc.

If this might be a brother Examples of *might* in the sense of *could* are

not uncommon Cf *MND* 111 "But I might see young Cupid's fiery shaft," etc., *Ham* 111 —

"I might not this believe
Without the sensible and true avouch
Of mine own eyes"

For other examples, see Gr 312

To think but nobly I hat is, *otherwise than nobly* Gr 124.

Hearkens my brother's suit Cf 2 *Hen IV* 114 "Hearken the end"
Gr 199

In lieu o' th' premises That is, in consideration of Cf "in lieu thereof" (*TG of V* 117, and *LLL* 111), "in lieu whereof" (*K John*, v 4), etc.

It is a hint A cause, or subject Cf "our hint of woe," 111

Without the which See *Mer* p 133 (note on *For the which*), and Gr 270

Wee most impertinent Cf *Lea*, iv 6 —

"O matter and impertinency mixed!
Reason in madness!"

Wench This word "originally meant young woman only, without the contemptuous familiarity now annexed to it" Cf *Hen VIII* iv 2 "When I am dead, good wench," etc., *Oth* v 2 "O, ill starred wench" etc

In few In short Cf *Ham* 13 "in few, Ophelia," etc Gr 5

Have quit it The reading of the folio, changed to *had* by D and others For *quit*, see above on *betid* *Hoist* is a similar contraction See Gr 341, 342

Did us but loving wrong Jephson says, "that is, were merciful to us," but I understand it to mean, "only injured us by their sympathetic sighing," that is, blowing

A cherubin This is the reading of the folio here, as well as in *T of A* iv 3, *Macb* 17, and *Oth* iv 2, the only other places in which S uses the singular, except *Ham* iv 3, where *cherub* ("Cherube" in folio) occurs He uses *cherubins* as the plural in *M of V* v 1 (see *Mer* p 162), *Hen VIII* 11, *T and C* 112, and *Cymb* 114 Neither *cherubin* nor *cherubins* is to be found in the folio, though both are given in most modern editions and in Mrs Clarke's *Concordance* In this passage H has *cherubin*, but D and W *cherubin*

Deck'd "Here deck'd would appear to be a form, if it be not a corruption, of the provincialism *degg'd*, i e *sprinkled*" (D) Some editors have changed the word to *degg'd*

An undergoing stomach A sustaining courage Cf 2 *Hen IV* 111 "Can vul his stomach" (began to let his courage sink), and *Ham* 111 "some enterprise That hath a stomach in" (that requires courage) Elsewhere it means anger, resentment, as in *TG of V* 112 "kill your stomach on your meat," and pride, arrogance, as in *Hen VIII* iv 2 "He was a man of an unbounded stomach"

Have steaded much Have been of much service See *Mer* p 133, note on *Can you stead me?*

But see that man at any time. Gr 39

Mr. Lar 4 It is very doubtful what this means. The stage direction *Puts on his robe, or Resumes his robe* given in some editions, is not found in the folio, but is due to Mr Collier's MS corrector. St suggests that the words are spoken aside to Ariel, and quotes in support of that view the conclusion of Prospero's next speech, "Come away, servant, come, I'm ready now, etc."

What thee were profit if an elder princess can Profit is here a verb. *Princess* (the reading of the folio) is here for *princesses*. As Abbott (Gr 71) has shown "the plural and possessive cases of nouns of which the singular ends in *e*, *et*, *ss*, *ce*, and *ge*, are frequently written, and still more frequently pronounced, without the additional syllable." Cf *Macb* 1 1 (folio) "Their ~~eyes~~ are shut," *Hen* 1 1 2, "Your *mightness* on both parts best can witness," etc. W adopts Rowe's emendation of "princes," and gives quotations to show that "women as well as men of royal or ducal birth were called *prince* in S's day." But S himself does not use *prince* for *princess*, while it is evident that he does drop the *-es* or *'s* in not a few such words. D gives "princess," and H "princess."

Acting de r lady Now friendly to me, or, as Stevens puts it, "now my suspicious mistress."

I find my zenith, etc. Cf *J C* 1 3 "There is a tide in the affairs of man," etc.

The art which'd to sleep It is not easy to decide whether Miranda is put to sleep by the art of Prospero, or falls asleep from the effect of the strange things she has seen and heard. The latter view is well put by Franz Horn, who says "The wonderful acts occasionally like the music upon Jessica in the fifth act of *The Merchant of Venice*. The external miracles of nature scarcely affect Miranda upon an island where nature itself has become a wonder, and the wonders have become nature. But for her, even on that account, there are only so many greater wonders in the heart and life of man. The checkered course of the world, its wild passions, are to her wholly strange, and the relation of such wonders might well affect her in the manner her father fears."

To rise, to best, to rise, bet to fly, etc. Henley quotes the imitation of this passage by Fletcher, in *The Faithful Shepherdess* —

"Tell me, sweetest
What new service now is meetest
For the ~~stars~~ shall I strain
In the middle ayre and strain
The swelling rick or mumbly rike
Hold by the moone, and gently make
Sut to the pale queene of mecht,
For a beame to give thee light?
Shall I dive into the sea,
And bring thee coral, making way
Through the rising waves," etc.

And all his gushes That is, all his ability, his powers. D explains it as "all those occupied in similar services, all his fellows."

Performed to the point Exactly, to the minutest point, like the French *à point*. See Gr 187.

The waist "That part of a ship which is contained between the quarter-deck and the fore-castle" (Falconer's *Marine Dictionary*)

I'd divide *Will* and *would* are sometimes used to express a repeated or customary action Gr 330 Cf *Oth* 1 3 "But still the house affairs would draw her hence," and below, iii 2 "Sometimes a thousand twangling instruments Will hum about mine ears" So in Gray's *Elegy* "His listless length at noontide would he stretch," etc.

Distinctly In its original sense of *separately* An allusion to the electrical phenomenon known as *Saint Elmo's fire* In Hakluyt's *Voyages* (1598) there is the following description of it, which *S* may have had in mind "I do remember that in the great and boisterous storme of this foule weather, in the night there came upon the toppe of our maine yard and maine-mast a certaine little light, much like unto the light of a little candle, which the Spaniards call the *Cuerpo Santo* This light continued aboard our ship about three houres, flying from maste to maste, and from top to top, and sometimes it would be in two or three places at once"

Coil Furmoil, tumult Cf *T of A* 1 2 "what a coil's here" *R* and *J* 11 5 "here's such a coil" etc

Fever of the mad Fever of delirium

Astir. See Gr 24

With hair up-starting See Gr 429 Cf *J C* 11 3 "That makest my blood cold and my hair to stare"

Their sustaining garments Bearing or resisting the effects of the water Some explain it as "bearing them up in the water"

Cooling of the air See Gr 178 Cf 3 *Hen VI* 11 5 "blowing of his nails," *J C* 11 3 "saving of thy life," *A Y L* 11 7 "hearing of a song," etc.

In this sad knot Folded thus

Still-vev'd Bermoothes The ever disturbed Bermudas "The epithet here applied to the Bermudas," says Henley, "will be best understood by those who have seen the chafing of the sea over the rugged rocks by which they are surrounded, and which render access to them so dangerous" On *still*=ever, see *Mer* p 128

Who, with a charm See above on *Who t' advance*, etc.

For the rest of the fleet This use of *for*=as for, as regards, is common in *S* See Gr 149

Flote Flood, wave Probably the same as *float*, and not the French *flot*, as most editors make it

Two glasses. Two turns of the hour-glass, two hours

Since thou dost give me pains Dost give me hard work to do

Let me remember thee Remind thee Gr 291 Cf *W* 7 iii 2 "I'll not remember you of my own lord," etc. It is sometimes used in a similar sense (=mention) without an object, as in 2 *Hen IV* 1 2 —

"Our coronation done, we will accite,
As I before remember'd, all our state"

Cf below, "The ditty does remember (mention, or commemorate) my drown'd father" The passive form *to be remembered* is sometimes=to call to mind, to recollect, as, "If you be remember'd" (*M for M* 11 1,

and *T of S* in 31, "I am remember'd" (*I Y L* in 5), "Be you remember'd" (*T I* in 3), etc.

Is not he perform'd me The *me* is the "indirect object" of the verb. Gr 229 Cf just below, "To do me business"

Will he Cf *A H* in 3 "I will not hate thee a scruple." See also *Alf* p 153

To bed the ooze The bottom (not the margin) of the sea. Cf *Hu* V 1 2 "the ooze and bottom of the sea," and below, in 3 "my son i' the ooze is bedded"

Hast thou forgone On the form of the participle, see Gr 343, and cf *Alf* p 141, note on *And undertook*

Arges The old name for Algiers. It was not obsolete even in Dryden's day. See his *Limberham*, in 1 "you Argier's man"

For a thing he did But what it was the poet nowhere tells us. It may have been mentioned (as Boswell thinks) in the novel on which the play was probably founded

His face, d'leg Staunton suggests "blear-eyed," but no change is necessary

He is not a servant The folio has *is*, and (as Walker suggests) that may be what S wrote. So below the folio has "stroked'st and made mirth of me."

And for thou wast And because thou wast. See Gr 151, and *Alf* p 134, note on *For he is a Christian*

Hest Command. Sometimes printed "'hests," but it is not a contraction of *hester*. It is used again in in 1 ("I have broke your hest"), and in in 1 ("spongy April at thy hest betrim"), and it is used by Wiclif, Chaucer, Spenser, etc. The mistake in printing *hest* is like that of *er* (see *Alf* p 153), *tor'd* (see C p 369), *light* (=alight), etc.

Is not he in him We sometimes find *into* for *in* "with verbs of rest implying motion (cf *Rich III* 1 5 "Is all my armour lud into my tent") as we often find *in* with verbs of motion (cf *Alf* p 1 1 "creep in our ears" *Hu* 1 1 "leaping in her grave," etc.) "Fall in love" is still a familiar idiom. A few lines below we have "put heaviness in me"

Caliban's son Farmer says, "The *metathesis* in *Caliban* from *Cambal* is evident."

Corrupt due to command That is, obedient to command. See Gr p 12 (viii)

As I do my springing ill Do my work as a spirit meekly, or with good will (as opposed to "moody" above). Some editors print "springing" but the folio has "springing." "Spirit" is often virtually a monosyllable. Gr 463

On the thyself etc. The folio reads thus

"Gee, I see thy selfe like a Nymph o' th' Sea,
Is subject to no right but thine and mine ious ale
Is every eve fall e'e e'e"

This is not enough with a slight change in arrangement as in the text, but Stevens omits the *thou* as "ridiculous," and prints the lines as fol-
low

"Go make thyself like to a nymph o' the sea,
Be subject to no sight but mine invisible," etc

This reading is adopted by D, but not by W or H

We cannot miss him Cannot do without him, the only instance of this sense in S, or elsewhere, so far as I know

Come, thou tortoise! when? Cf *J C* II 1 "When, Lucius, when?" *Rich II* 1 2 "When, Harry, when?" *T of S* II 1 "Why, when, I say" etc *What* and *why* were similarly used as impatient exclamations See *Msei* p 141, note on *What, Jessica*!

Fine apparition! *My quaint Ariel* So below, "fine spirit," "fine Ariel," and "delicate Ariel" On *quaint*, see *Mser* p 141

Wicked dew Baneful, poisonous Cf Chaucer, *Rom of the Rose* "a fruct of savour wicke"

Urchins Mischievous elves Cf *M II* IV 4 "urchins, ouphes (elves), and faines" They were probably called so because they sometimes took the form of urchins, or hedgehogs Cf below (II 2) Caliban's account of Prospero's spirits

"Then like hedgehogs, which
Lie tumbling in my barefoot way, and mount
Their pricks at my foolfall"

That vast of night That void, waste, or empty stretch In *Ham* I 2, the quarto of 1603 has "In the dead vast and middle of the night," but the other old editions have "wast" In modern editions we find "vast," "waste," and "waist" (=middle)

Whils you do keep from me On *whiles*, see *Mser* p 133, and Gr 137 *Abhorred slave*, etc. The folio gives this speech to *Miranda*, but this is obviously an error of the type

Which any fruit, etc On *which*, "used interchangeably with *who* and *what*," see Gr 265

Confer'd into this rock See above on *Into a cloven pine*

My profit on't For *on't*, see *Mser* p 143, or Gr 182

The red plague The leprosy See *Levit* III 42, 43 Jephson explains it as the crysipelas

Rid you Destroy you Cf *Rich II* V 4 "will rid his foe," and 3 *Hen VI* V 5 "you have rid this sweet young prince"

Learning me your language Cf *Cymb* I 5 "Hast thou not learned me how To make perfumes?" In old English the word meant to *teach* as well as to *learn* See *Rich* and Gr 291

Thou'rt best Cf *J C* III 3 "Ay, and truly, you were best" For other examples of this old idiom, see Gr 230

Old cramps Abundant cramps On this intensive or augmentative use of *old* in colloquial language, see *Msei* p 161

Aches The noun *ache* used to be pronounced *atch*, but the verb *ake* (as it is often printed) Baret, in his *Alvearie* (1580), says "*Ake* is the Verbe of the substantive *ach*, *ch* being turned into *k*" That the noun was pronounced like the name of the letter *k* is evident from a pun in *Msuch* *Ado* III 4

"*Beatrice* By my troth I am exceeding ill! Heigh ho!
Margaret I or a hawk, a horse, or a husband?
Beatrice I or the letter that begins them all, H"

There is a similar joke in *The World Runs upon Wheels*, by John Taylor, the Water-poet: "Every cart-horse doth know the letter G very understandingly, and *It* hath be in his bones." Boswell quotes an instance of this pronunciation from Swift, and Dyce one from Blackmore, A D 1705. When John Kemble first played Prospero in London, he pronounced *ashes* in this passage as a dissyllable, which gave rise to a great dispute on the subject among critics. During this contest Mr Kemble was laid up with sickness and Mr Cooke took his place in the play. Everybody listened eagerly for his pronunciation of *ashes*, but he *left the whole out of it*, whereupon the following appeared in the papers as "*Cooke's Soliloquy*."

'*Aches* or *ashes* shall I speak both or either?
If *ashes* I violate my Shakspeare's measure—
In *a ches* I shall give King John my pleasure
I've put upon it—by Jove, I'll utter neither!"

That leasts shall trouble So that, a common ellipsis Gr 283.

And, pray thee This omission of *I* before *pray thee*, *beseech thee*, etc., is very common. See Gr 401.

Setebos S probably got this name from the account of Magellan's voyages in Robert Eden's *History of Travels* (A D 1577), where it is said of the Patagonians that "they roared like bulles and cryed upon their great devill, Setebos, to help them." Malone says that Setebos is also mentioned in Hakluyt's *Voyages*, 1598.

Curtisid So spelled in the folio. *Curtis* and *courtesy* are two forms of the same word both found in the folio. In a single speech in *J C* iii 1 we have 'courtesies' and "curtsies."

And kiss'd the wild waves whist That is, kissed the wild waves into silence: "a delicate touch of poetry that is quite lost in the passage as usually printed the line *The wild waves whist* being made parenthetical, and that, too, without any authority from the original" (H). *Whist* is the participle of the old verb *whist*, which is found both transitive and intransitive. Lord Surrey translates the first line of Book II of the *Aeneid*: "They whisted all, with fixed face intent." Cf Spenser, *P Q* vii 7, 59: "So was the litnesse put downe and must." Milton (*Samson on Antigone*) has the same rhyme as here:

The winds with wonder whist
Smoothly the waters kiss'd"

Swifter of foot, Dexterously, neatly. D quotes Iodge's *Glaucois and Sylvia* (1580): "Footing it so lithe on the grassie ground." Cf *W T* ii 3: "he dances feath." We have the adjective (used adverbially) below, in 1: "much faster than before" and in *Cymb* i 1, the verb (=fashioned, moulded): "a glass thus seated them." On the *it*, see Gr 226.

Where should it be on us to be? As Abbott remarks (Gr 325), "*should* was used in direct questions about the past where *shall* was used about the future."

Where's my arrow? That is, again and again. Gr 27. Cf *M of I* iii 2: "For wooing here until I were again."

With it's a r-r-r In the folio *its* occurs but once (*M for M* i 2), while *it's* is found nine times. *It* is a genitive (or "possessive") is found

fourteen times, in seven of which it precedes *own*. This *it* is "an early provincial form of the old genitive." In our version of the Bible *its* is found only in *Levit* xxi 5, where the original edition has "of it own accord." See Gr 228, *Bible Word-Book*, pp 272-275, and C pp 160-171.

Full fathom five The folio has "fathom," which Halliwell and White prefer to retain.

Of his bones are coral made. S may have written *are* to avoid the harshness of "bones is," but the inaccuracy is probably to be classed with those given by Abbott (Gr 412) under "confusion of proximity." Some make *coral* a plural.

Those are pearls, etc. In *Rich III* iv 4, we have *tears* "transform'd to orient pearl."

Ding, dong, bell. Cf the Song in *M of V* in 2.

Nor no sound that the earth owes. On the double negative, see *Mer* p 131, and Gr 406. *Owes*=owns, as often in S. See Gr 290.

The fringed curtains of thine eyes. Cf *Per* iii 2 "her eyelids Begin to part their fringes of bright gold."

What thou seest yond. *Yond* is the A S *gond*=*illuc*. *Yond*, meaning outrageous furious (as in Spenser, *F Q* in 7, 26 "As Florimell fled from that Monster yond"), is probably the same word, though Kitchin (Clarendon Press edition of Spenser's *F Q Bk II* p 296) gives a different etymology.

A brave form. On *brave*=fine, gallant, etc., see *Mer* p 154.

And but he's something stum'd. On *but*=except, etc., see Gr 120.

Most sure, the goddess. Cf the *O dea certe* of Virgil (*Æn* i 328).

Vouchsafe my prayer may know and *that you will*. Here we have "that omitted and then inserted," Gr 285. Cf *Rich II* v 1 "I think I am dead, and that even here," etc.

If you be maid. The fourth folio has *made* (that is, created, or mortal), which some modern editors adopt.

A single thing. A feeble thing. Cf *Macb* i 3 "shakes so my single state of man."

His brave son. This son is not one of the *dramatis personæ*, nor is he elsewhere mentioned in the play.

More braver. See above on *More better*.

Control thee. "Confute thee, unanswerably contradict thee" (Johnson).

Changed eyes. Exchanged looks of love.

Done yourself some wrong. Misrepresented yourself. Cf *M W* in 3 "This is not well, Master Ford, this wrongs you."

Pity move my father. An example of "the subjunctive used optatively." See Gr 364.

O, if a virgin, and your affection not gone forth. On the ellipsis, see Gr 387. In *either's powers*. See Gr 12. In *Sonnet* 93 we have "In many's looks."

That thou attend me. "The subjunctive after verbs of command and entreaty is especially common." Gr 369. For the omission of the preposition, cf *M of V* v 1. "When neither is attended," and see Gr 200.

Ow'st not. Ownest not. Cf above, "that the earth owes."

On't. See *Mer* p 143, and Gr 182.

There is nothing ill can dwell On the omission of the relative, see Gr 214
I'll manacle thy neck and feet together The cut illustrates this mode of punishment better than any description could do



Gentle and not fearful Of gentle blood, and therefore no coward Smollett (in *Humphrey Clinker*) says "To this day a Scotch woman in the situation of the young lady in *The Tempest* would express herself nearly in the same terms—Don't provoke him, for, being gentle, that is, *lig' spiritid*, he won't tamely bear an insult"

Wilt thou tutor? "Shall my heel teach my head?" Shall that which I tread upon give me law?" (V) Walker (*Crit. Ex.* in p 3) proposes for which D adopts

Come from thy ward Leave thy posture of defence *Ward* was a technical term in fencing Cf 1 *Hen VI* in 4 "Thou knowest my old ward, here I lie and thus I bore my point"

Behold you, father! See above on *No, pray thee*

There is no more such slaves The reading of the folio, changed by many editors (including D, W and H) to "there are." But "there is" is often found preceding a plural subject Gr 335 Cf *Cymb* in 1 "There is no more such Cæsars" (where D, W, and H all have "is"); *Jh* in 2 "There is no more such masters" (D and W have "is," and the former defends it in a note but H has "are"), etc. So in questions we find, "Is there not charms?" (*Oth* 1 1), "Is all things well?" (2 *Hen VI* in 2) "Is there not wars?" (2 *Hen VI* 1 2), etc.

All corners of the earth All other parts Cf *M of T* in 7 "the four corners of the earth" (so in *Isa* vi 12) *Cymb* in 4 "all corners of the world," etc. In *A Jch* (v 7) we find "the three corners of the world"

ACT II

SCENE I—*O'er hint of woe* The cause of our sorrow - See on *It is a hint*, 1, 2

The masters of some merchant This is the reading of the folio, and is somewhat doubtful, though *masters* may mean *owners*, or possibly *officers*. Steevens suggested "mistresses" (the old spelling of which is sometimes "maistresses"), and V thinks it "not improbable" that this was S's word. D and others read "master." The Camb. editors conjecture "master's" (see wife). The first *merchant* means a merchant vessel, or *merchantman*, as we say even now. Malone quotes Dryden (*Parallel of Pectry and Pirating*) "Thus as convoy ships either accompany or should accompany their merchants."

The visitor An allusion to priestly visitants of the sick or afflicted. Cf. *M* *all* xvi. 36.

One —*tell* There may be a play on *one* and *on* (that is, go on), the two words (see Nares on *One*) being pronounced, and sometimes written, alike. *Tell*=*count*. We still say "all told," "wealth untold," "to tell one's beads," etc., and a *teller* is one who counts (money, votes, etc.).

Delour Cf. the same play upon words in *M* for *M* 1, 2, and *Lear*, ii 4. Steevens quotes also *The Tragedy of Hoffman*, 1637.

"And his reward be thirteen hundred dollars
For he hath driven delour from our heart"

Watch, of he or Adrian. This is the reading of the folio. Cf. *M* *N* *D* in 2.

"Now follow, if thou dar'st, to try whose right,
Of thine or mine, is most in Helen's"

Walker (*Crit. Ex* iii p. 353) quotes from Sidney's *Arcadia* "Who should be the former [that is, the first to fight] against Phalantus, of the black or the ill apparelled knight." Gr 206, 109.

The cocked The young cock, that is, Adrian.

Ha, ha, he! The folio gives this speech to Sebastian, and *So, you're* said to Antonio, and perhaps there is no need of change. On the whole, however, I prefer to follow W, who simply transposes the prefixes of the speeches on the ground that "Antonio won the wager, and was paid by having the laugh against Sebastian." Theo. gave both speeches to Sebastian, and is followed by D. and the Camb. editors. Capell and H merely change "you're" to "you've." K. and C. return the folio reading.

Temperance Temperature. Antonio takes up the word as a female name, and it was so used by the Puritans.

Lush Luscious, succulent, luxuriant. Not elsewhere used by S, though some read in *M* *N* *D* ii 1, "Quite overcanopied with lush woodbine" where the folio has "luscious." *Lush*=vigorous.

An eye of green A tinge of green. Boyle says, "Red, with an eye of blue, makes a purple."

Freshness and glosses The folio has "freshnesse and glosses." *Freshness* may be plural, like *princesses* in 1, 2 ("Than other princess can") See note on that passage. D reads "gloss."

A far gone to then queen For their queen Cf *J C* in 1 "I know that we shall have him well to friend," *Rich II* in 1 "I have a king here to my flatterer," also *Matt* in 9, *Luke*, in 8, etc. Below (in 2) we find 'that hath to instrument this lower world'

Wider Dido This was the title of a popular song of that day See *Purey's Reliques*, or Prof Child's *English and Scottish Ballads*, in p 207

Study of that Study about that, wonder what you mean by it See *Gr* 174

The miraculous harp An allusion to the myth of Amphion, who raised the walls of Thebes by the power of his music.

In my rate In my estimation, or reckoning Cf above (i 2), "all popular rate"

Whose enmity Ie sling aside, etc. Cf *J C* i 2

The torrent roared and we did buffet it
With lusty sinews throwing it aside,
And stemming it with hearts of controversy "

His rare worn bias His for its See *Gr* 228

I not doubt This omission of the auxiliary *do* in negative sentences is quite common See below (i 1), "whereof the ewe not bites," "I not know," and "I not doubt," and 2 *Hen IV* iv 1 "It not belongs to you" See also *Gr* 305

Who hath cause to wet the grief on't Which hath cause to weep The antecedent of *who* is *eye* Cf 2 *Hen IV* in 3 "The heart Who great and puff'd up" See *Gr* 264.

Which end o' th' beam sh'd bow The folio has "should bow," which is probably a misprint for "sh'ould bow"

The dearest o' th' loss "Throughout *S*, and all the poets of his and a much later day, we find this epithet (*dearest*) applied to that person or thing which, for or against us, excites the liveliest interest. It may be said to be equivalent generally to *very*, and to import the excess, the utmost the *superlative* of that to which it is applied" (*Childcote*) Cf 'dearest enemy' (1 *Hen IV* in 2), "dearest foe" (*Ham* i 2), "dearest need" (*Rich III* v 2), "dearest groans" (*A IV* in 5), etc. See also *C* p 272, and *D* (*Glossary*) Cf below (i 1), "dear loss"

Had I plantation There is a play on the word *plantation* Gonzalo uses it in the sense of *colony* (cf Bacon, *Ess* xxviii, *Of Plantations*), but Antonio takes it in the sense of *planting*

I'th commonwealth etc This passage is evidently copied from Florio's translation of Montaigne's *Essays*, published in 1603, and therefore used (see *Introduction*, page 8) in fixing the date of the play. W gives the quotation from Florio, as follows "It is a nation, would I were Plato, that hath no kind of traffike, no knowledge of Letters, no intelligence of number, no name of magistracie, nor of politike superiority, no use of warre, of riches, or of poverty, no contracts, no successions, no divorcences, no opinion but idly, no respect of kindred, but common, no apparell, but naturall no murmuring of kind, no use of wine, corn, or mettle The very words that import lying, falsehood, treason, dissimulation, covetousness, envie, detraction, and pardon were never heard amongst them"

* The original runs thus "C'est une nation, direy je a Platon, en laquelle il n'y a

Of it own kind See above (1 2) on *With it's sweet air*
Poison Plenty The word is French (*fusson* in Old French), the Latin *fusio*, from *fundere*

T' excel th' golden age As to excel Cf *M of V* iii 3 "So fond to come abroad," and see Gr 281

Sensible and numble Sensitive and excitable See *Mer* p 145 Cf *Ham* ii 2 "the clown shall make those laugh whose lungs are tickled o' th' sere" (that is, tickled with a dry cough)

An it had not fallen flat-long On *an*, see *Mer* p 131, and Gr 101 *Flat-long*, that is, as if struck with the side of the sword instead of its edge. *Flatling* is used in the same sense, as in Spenser, *F Q* v 5, 18 "Tho with her sword on him she flatling strooke"

A bat-fowling On *a*, see Gr 140 *Bat-fowling* was a method of fowling by night, in which the birds were started from their nests and stupefied by a sudden blaze of light Markham, in his *Hunter's Recreation, or the Whole Art of Fowling*, says, "I thinke meete to proceed to Batte-fowling, which is likewise a mighty taking of all sorts of great and small Birdes which rest not on the earth, but on Shrubbes, tal Bushes, Hathorne trees, and other trees, and may fitly and most conueniently be used in all woody, rough, and bushy countries, but not in the champaigne" He goes on to describe the process D (*Glossary*) quotes the passage in full

Adventure my discretion That is, venture or risk my [character for] discretion Cf *T G of V* iii 1 "So bold Leander would adventure it," *Cymb* i 7 "that I have adventur'd to try," etc.

Omit the heavy offer of it Neglect the offer of its heaviness *Omit* often means to pass over, lay aside, or neglect, as above (1 2) "Whose influence, if I court not, but omit," *Oth* ii 1 "do omit their mortal natures," *M for M* iv 3 "What if we do omit This reprobate till he were well inclin'd?" etc.

What thou shouldst be On *should*=*ought*, see Gr 323

The occasion speals thee "The opportunity which now occurs shows what you are intended for, that is, to be a king" (Jephson)

If heed me That is, if you intend to heed me Such ellipses in conditional sentences are common in S See Gr 383-393 Cf above (1 2), "O, if a virgin," etc

Trebles thee o'er That is, over again See Gr 58 a, and cf *M of V* iii 2 "I would be trebled twenty times myself"

I am standing water Jephson interprets this, "I am stagnant, slow of understanding and action" It seems to me rather to mean, I am passive, ready to listen to you and to be influenced by you He already guesses what Antonio means, and cherishes the purpose while he mocks it

Steevens quotes the following from a critic in the *Edinburgh Magazine* for Nov 1786 "Sebastian introduces the simile of water It is taken up by Antonio, who says he will teach his stagnant water to flow 'It has auleune espeece de trifique, nulle cognoissance de lettres, nulle science de nombres, nul hom de magistrat ni de superiorit' politique, nul usage de service, de richesse ou de pruverete, nuls contracts, nules successions, nuls priuiges, nules occupations qu'oysives, nul respect de parente que commun, nuls vestemens, nulle agriculture, nul metal, nul usage de vin ou de bled les paroles mesmes qui signifient le mensonge, la trahison, la dissimulation, l'avarice, l'envie, la detraction, le pardon, inouyes."

already learned to cbb, says Sebastian To which Antonio replies, 'O, if you but knew how much even that metaphor, which you use in jest, encourages to the design which I hint at, how, in stripping the words of their common meaning, and using them figuratively, you adapt them to your own situation' "

This sort of weak remembrance "This lord who, being now in his dotage, has outlived his faculty of remembering, and who, once laid in the ground, shall be as little remembered himself as he can now remember other things," (Johnson)

He's a spirit of persuasion Monk Mason thought that "he's" is for "he has," not "he is," and quotes 1 *Hen II* 1 2 "Well, mayst thou have the spirit of persuasion" etc Stevens regarded the words "promises to persuade" is a marginal gloss or paraphrase, which by some mistake became incorporated with the text, and D appears to favor this view Johnson could "draw no sense" from "this entangled sentence," but there seems to be no special difficulty in it The parenthesis is clearly marked in the folio thus

(For hee's a Spirit of persuasion, onely

Promises to persuade) the King his sonne's true," etc

But doubts discovery there But doubts whether there is any thing to be discovered there The folio has "doubt," which the Philadelphia editors think "may be retained" "but doubt" being considered equal to "without doubting," or the "can not" being mentally carried on "[can not] but doubt discovery there"

Beyond man's life An obvious and intentional hyperbole Hunter (*New Illustrations* 1 p 166) thinks that *Man's Life* is probably the translation of the name of some African city, and finds an ancient city, named *Zet*, not far from Tunis

The man in the moon This is one of the oldest of popular superstitions According to one version, the man who gathered sticks on the Sabbath (*Lamb* vi 32 foll) was imprisoned in the moon, but another tradition made this lunar personage to be Cui In the *Testament of Cui* an (written by Henryson, but sometimes ascribed to Chaucer) we find the following in a description of the moon

"His eye was gray and full of spottis blak,
And on his breast the churle printit sul evin,
Behind the brenche of thornis on his bak,
Quhilk for his thift micht clim na nyr the hevin"

[Living's ed, 1864]

It will be recollected that the man in the moon is one of the characters in the clouds play in *M A D* See in 1, and 1 1

Can have no more Can receive no information Cf Bacon, *Ess* xlix "that if Intelligence of the Matter could not otherwise have beene had but by him, Advantage bee not taken of the Note, but the Partie left to his other Meanes"

She is from whom That is, in coming from whom The folio has "She that from whom" The emendation was made by Rowe, and is adopted in D, H, W, and others

Is in yours, etc. that is, "depends on what you and I are to perform" (Stevens) "*Act* and *Prologue* being

technical terms of the stage, *discharge* also is so to be understood, as in *M A D* 1 2 "I will discharge it in either your straw coloured beard," etc." (Phila. ed.)

Measure us back *Us* refers to that which is supposed to "cry out," or "every cubit"

There be that can rule Naples See *Mer.* p 134 (note on *There be landlords*), and *Gr* 300

Could make a chough of as deep chat Could train a chough to talk as wisely Cf *A IV* iv 1 "chough's language, gabble enough, and good enough" Varrel (*History of British Birds*) observes that in the description of Dover Cliff ("The crows and choughs that wing the midway air," *Lear*, 11 6), "possibly S meant jackdaws, for in the *M A D* he speaks of 'russet-pated' (gray-headed) choughs, which term is applicable to the jackdaw, but not to the real chough"

How does your content tender, etc How does your favorable judgment regard For *tender*=regard, v lue, cf *Hen V* 11 2 "But we our king dom's safety must so tender," *A Y L* 1 2. "By my life, I do, which I tender dearly," etc.

Much fealer More neatly or trimly See on *Foot it feathly*, 1 2, and *Gr* 1

If it were a kibe, etc. If it were a sore heel, it would make me exchange my boot for a slipper Cf *I Ham* 1 1 "the toe of the peasant comes so near the heel of the courtier, he galls his kibe"

That's dead Farmer suggested that these words are a gloss, or marginal note, that has somehow found its way into the text

This ancient morsel That is, Gonzalo

Should not upbraid On *should*, see *Gr* 322

Suggestion Temptation, "hint of villainy" (Johnson) Cf below (iv 1), "the strong'st suggestion Our worser Genius can" The verb is likewise used in the sense of tempt, incite, seduce, as in *A W* 11 5 "I give thee not this to suggest thee from thy master," *T G of V* 11 1 "Knowing that tender youth is soon suggested," etc

It'll come by Naples Cf *M of V* 1 1 "But how I caught it, found it, or came by it," and see *Gr* 145

When I rear my hand Cf *J C* 11 1 "Casca, you are the first that rears your hand"

To fall it See *Mer* p 135, and *Gr* 291 Cf below (v 1), "fall fellowly drops"

To keep thee living The folio has "keepe them living"

Why are you drawn? Why are your swords drawn? See *Gr* 374. Cf *R* and *J* 1 1 "What, art thou drawn among these heartless hinds?" and, again, "What, drawn, and talk of peace!" See also *M A D* 11 2, and *Hen V* 11 1

I shal'd you S generally uses *shook*, both as past tense and participle, but he has *shak'd* in five instances, in three of which it is the participle In 1 *Hen IV* 11 1, we find *shak'd* once and *shook* three times in a single scene See *Mer* p 141 (note on *Not undertook*)

That's verily The reading of the folio, changed by most of the editors to "That's verity" See *Gr* 78

SCENE II.—By *men-meet* Inch by inch We still have *face-meal* (not used by S; but *meel meal*, *limb meel* (*Cymb* 11 4 "tear her limb-meal"), *erep meal*, and other compounds of the kind are obsolete. *Mial* in these words is the A S *mal* (time, portion), not *melu*, *melo* (meal, flour)

Urchin shows Lihn apparitions See above (1 2) on *Urchins*

Makes Make faces Cf below (11 1), "with mop and mow," and the stage direction in 11 3, "with mocks and mows" Not from *mouth*, as some have made it, but (see Diez, Scheler, and Wh.) from the French *moue* (pouting, wry face)

And after life me Cf *J C* 1 2 "And after scandal them"

Mount then prickles Raise their prickles Cf *Henry VIII* 1 1 "The fire that mounts the liquor till it run o'er," and *Id* 1 2 "mounting his eyes"

I did to torment me For the *and*, see Gr 95 and 96

I and See on *What thou seest yond*, 1 2

hombard Also spelled *hombard*, a large sagon, or "black-jack," made of leather Cf *1 Hen IV* 11 4 "that huge bombard of sack" *Foul* (which I pton wished to change to *full*) probably means black with age and decayed—ready to fall to pieces

Poor john A cant name for salted *hale*, a coarse and cheap kind of fish Cf *Romeo* 7 1 1 "'Tis well thou art not fish, if thou hadst, thou hadst been poor John" So in Massinger's *Renegado*, 1 1

"To feed upon poor john when I see pheasants
And partridges on the table"

In B and F's *Scornful Lady* (11 3), "pitch and poor-john" are mentioned as the foul odors of Thames Street, London

A deal See *Mer* p 136

A deal of Indians Cf just below, "savages and men of Ind" There may be an allusion to the Indians brought home by Sir Martin Frobisher in 1576

Gabardine See *Mer* p 135

I will here shroud Take shelter Both noun and verb were thus used Cf *A and C* 11 13 "Put yourself under his shroud" (his protection) See also Milton, *Comus*, 147 "Run to your shrouds," and 316 "Or shroud within these hmits," Spenser, *L Q* 1 1, 8 "therein shrouded from the tempest aread," etc.

As proper a man See *Mer* p 132 (note on *A proper man's picture*).

At nostrils In the folio this is printed "at nostrils," and may be a misprint for "at's nostrils" We find, however, "at mouth" (*J C* 1 2), "at heart" (*A Y L* 1 2), "on knees" (*I and C* 1 3), "on nose" and "on side" (*A Y L* 11 7), and the like See Gr 90

Afore This form was common in old English, and so was *to-fore*, which we find in *T A* 11 2 "O, would thou wert as thou to-fore hast been!"

I'll take to much for him That is, I will take all I can get

Will give liquor to you, eat Alluding to the proverb, "Good liquor will make a cat speak." A few lines below, there is an allusion to the proverb, "He hath need of a long spoon, that eats with the devil"

So Soot, excrement It is used in the same sense by Ben Jonson and Sir Thomas Browne. Besides its ordinary meaning, it has also in S

the sense of *seat* (*Al* for *Al* 11 2 "the siege of justice"), and of *rank*, or *place* (*Ham.* 11 7 "the unworthiest siege," *Oth* 1 2 "men of royal siege")

Moou-calf A monstrosity, supposed to be occasioned by lunar influence. In Holland's *Pliny* (11 15) we find, "a moone calfe, that is to say, a lump of flesh without shape, without life,"

Au if See Gr. 101-103

Hast any more of this? For the ellipsis of the subject, see Gr. 401, 402

Thy dog and thy bush See above on *The man i' th' moon*, and cf *Al N D* 11 1, etc. The "bush" was the bundle of sticks connected with the narrative in *Numb* 11

Afraid See *Mer* p. 144.

Will dræw, monster A good draught, monster

Crabs Crab-apples "Roasted crabs" are mentioned in *L L L* v 2 (Song), and *Al N D* 11 2 Cf *Lear*, 1 5 "as like this as a crab is like an apple"

Stannels This is the reading of the folio, but the word is found nowhere else. Some have thought it a diminutive of *seam*, a name by which the hump is said to be known in some parts of England, others read "seamells" or "sea-malls" (the latter form is actually found as the name of a bird in Holme's *Acad of Armory*, 1688), and others "stannels" or "stannels." Of these emendations the last is perhaps the most plausible. Montagu (*Ornithological Dict*) says that the "Kestrel, *Stannet*, or Windhover is one of our most common species [of hawks], especially in the more rocky situations and high cliffs on our coasts, where they breed." The bird is also mentioned by S in *T N* 11 5 "And with what wing the stannet checks it it." At least, no one doubts that this is the correct reading, though the old editions print "stallion."

Trenchering The reading of the folio, changed to *trencher* by Theo, D, H, and most of the editors, but, as W remarks, "surely they must have forgotten that Caliban was drunk, and after singing 'firing' and 'requiring' would naturally sing 'trenchering'." There is a drunken swing in the original line, which is entirely lost in the precise, curtailed rhythm of—

'Nor scripe trencher, nor wash dish'

ACT III

SCENE I—*There be some sports are painful* See *Mer* p. 134, and Gr. 300 and 244. *Painful*=requiring pains, or laborious. Cf *L L L* 11 1 "painful study," *T of S* v 2 "painful labour both by sea and land" Fuller (*Holy War*, v 29) speaks of Joseph as "a painful carpenter," and in his *Holy State* (11 6) he says, "O the holiness of their living, and painfulness of their preaching!"

Delight in them sets off *Delight* is the subject of *sets off*, which is here equivalent to *offsets*. Cf *Macb* 11 3 "The labour we delight in physics pain."

The mistress which See Gr. 265

Most busy, least when I do it "This is the great crux of the play. Few passages in *S* have been the subject of more conjecture, and to none has conjecture been applied with less happy results." The first folio reads, "Most busie lest, when I doe it," the other three folios, "Most busie leirst, when I do it." Pope reads, "Leirst busie when I do it." Theo gave "Most busie less when I do it," and Dr. Johnson puts "busiless" into his text, citing this passage to justify it. Neither Worc. nor Wb. recognizes the word. The editors from Theo (1733) down to the *Var* of 1821 adopted "busiless," and of recent editors D and H (the latter without comment) have followed them. The difficulty of the passage is well shown by the vacillation of the best modern critics. D in his 2d ed (1864) says that "busiless" is "far more satisfactory, on the whole, than any of the numerous emendations that have been proposed," while in his 1st ed (1857) he doubts "if so odd a compound ever occurred to anybody but the critic himself." K in 1839 followed Theo, but in 1864 he adopts the reading of the later folios, defending it thus: "The opposition of *most* and *least* renders the line somewhat obscure, but if we omit *most*, reading 'Busy leirst when I do it,' the sense is clear enough. It is not less clear with *most*, so punctuated." W in his *Shakespeare's Scholar* (1854) accepts "busiless," and considers "busiest" to be "graceless and inappropriate," but in his edition of *S* (1857) he reads "busiest," adding this note: "The present text is the happy conjecture of Holt White. *Busiest* of course refers to *thoughts*. Ferdinand's 'sweet thoughts' of Miranda were busiest when he was labouring to win her."

Of the other attempts at emendation the following are worthy of mention. Collier's MS corrector's "Most busy lest when I do it," Staunton's "Most busy lest when I do it," Spedding's "Most busiest when idlest," the Camb. editors "Most busied lest when idlest," and Knightley's "Most busy, lest when I do it—"

I have preferred, on the whole, to follow Verplanck and retain the reading of the folios ("lest" and "leirst" may be regarded as identical), with the slight change in punctuation. The passage may then be explained as follows: "In these reflections I forget my labours, which are even refreshed with the sweetness of the thoughts, and I am really most busy in mind while I am least busy with my task—occupied with my thoughts, idlest with my hands." I take this paraphrase from the Phila. ed., where the passage, with the various readings and criticisms, is very fully and ably discussed.

On the transposition in "leirst when," cf. above (12), "Curtsied when you have," etc. For the various forms of transposition in *S*, see Gr 419-427.

But now it is against Cf *A* and *C* 114 "Hasten your generals after," *A* 114 "Hasten your foot plod the cold ground upon," etc. Gr 203.

First time Visit, its ordinary meaning in *S*. He does not use *visit* as a noun. Cf *M* of *I* 114 "in loving visitation was with me," etc.

Hest See on this word above (12). It occurs three times in this play, but nowhere else, unless we adopt the reading of the 1st Quarto in *I* 114 "On some great sudden hest," while all the other old editions have "haste" or "hast," which is another spelling of the same word.

Admir'd Minauda ¹ Ferdinand refers to the Latin origin of the name, from the gerundive of *mirari*, to admire

The top of admiration Cf *M for M* 11 2 "the top of judgment," *2 Hen VI* 1 2 "top of honor," *Cor* 1 9 "top of praises," etc

Several Separate Cf v 1 "strange and several noises" So in Milton, *Com* 25 "commits to several government," *Hymn on Nativ* 234 "Each fetter'd ghost slips to his several grave," etc.

Owed Owned See on the same word, 1 2

To like of Cf *Much Ado*, v 4 "if you like of me," *L L L* 1 1 "But like of each thing that in season grows," *Rich III* iv 4 "Richard likes of it," etc. See also Gr 177

Than to suffer Pope changed this to "Than I would suffer," but the insertion of *to* with a verb after its omission with a preceding one (especially an auxiliary) is not uncommon in S. See Gr 350

If hollowly Cf *M for M* 11 3

"And try your penitence, if it be sound,
Or hollowly put on"

What else? th' world Whatever else there is, anything else Cf *3 Hen VI* iii 1 "With promise of his sister and what else" See Gr 255

Your maid Your maid servant

Your fellow Your companion The word was applied to both sexes Cf *Judges* xi 37 and *Psa* xlv 14 (*Prayer-Book* version) *Companion* was formerly used contemptuously, as *fellow* still is Cf *J C* iv 3 "Companion, hence!" and *2 Hen VI* iv 10 "Why, rude companion, whatso'er thou be" It is found in this sense even in so late a work as Smollett's *Roderick Random* (1748) "Scurvy companion! Saucy tarpuin! Rude, impertinent fellow!"

Whether you will or no This use of *no*, though common in old writers, is condemned by modern grammarians See F 523, note a

A thousand thousand I hat is, firewells,

Who are surpris'd with all On *who* (=for they), see Gr 263 *With all*, the reading of the folio, was changed by Theo to *withal*, and D follows him W and H read *with all*

I'll to my book For the ellipsis, see Gr 405

SCENE II — *There's but five* See on *There is no more such shapes*, 1 2

Standard Standard-bearer, or ensign The quibbles on this word, and on *he*, just below, are obvious enough

Debas'd This is the old spelling of *debauched*, and is found in the folio in the four instances in which S uses the word (*A W* 11 3 and v 3, *Lear*, 1 4, and here)

That a monster should be such a natural A quibble on *natural* as opposed to *moustious* and as = *fool*

But this thing dare not I hat is, would not dare Gr 361

Pied nunny Alluding to the motley dress of the professional jester, or fool, as the name *patch* (see *Mei* p 142) perhaps does

Quick freshes Springs of fresh water *Quick* (=living) is applied to water flowing from a spring, as "living" is in the Bible and elsewhere S does not elsewhere use *fish* as a noun, but it is found in other old writers

Wear? Throat, windpipe The word is omitted by Mrs Clarke in her *Cordian* 2

A s' A fool (the French *sot*) This is its only meaning in S Cf *C of L* ii 2 'Thou snail, thou slug, thou sot' *Lear*, ii 2 "he called me sot, and told me I had turn'd the wrong side out," etc.

And that most deeply to consider For the omission of the relative, see Gr 244

Troll the catch Sing the tune A *catch* is a *round*, in which the parts are taken up (or caught up) in succession *Troll*, as a noun, means the same as *catch* (see Wb.), and to *troll* was to sing as in a troll, or catch

While ere A while ago See Gr 137

The picture of Nobody Probably an allusion to a ludicrous figure (head, arms, and legs, without a trunk, or *body*) printed on the old popular ballad of *The Well-spoken Nobody* (Halliwell)

Take it as thou list 'Take what shape pleases thee'

Will hum, etc. See on *I'd dride*, i 2. The Phila. ed. says that this use of *will* to "express a custom" is not mentioned by grammarians and lexicographers. It had been mentioned by F (§ 522, 21) at least ten years before the criticism was made, and this very passage from the *Temp* is quoted as an illustration of the idiom

In dreaming For other examples of *in*=*while*, or *during*, see Gr 161

That when I waked So that See Gr 283

SCENE III—*By r Lady* By our Ladykin, or the Virgin Mary The diminutive, as often, expresses endearment=our *dear* Lady

My old bones aches The folio has *ails* See on *Aches*, i 2, and for the form of the verb, on *What can'st these rearers*, i 1

Forth rights and meanders Straight paths and winding ones Cf *T and C* iii 3 'Or hedge aside from the direct forth right' There is an allusion to the artificial "mazes" of the olden time

Attach'd with weariness Seized with weariness *Attach* is etymologically the same as *attach*, and is often found in that sense Cf Spenser, *J Q* iii 5, 33

"I like as a fearful partridge, that is fled
From the sharpe hawk which her attached neere"

Will take through's See *Mer* p 144 (note on *Throughfare*) and p 158

A fine droller A drollery was a puppet show Cf *2 Hen IV* ii 1
'a pretty slight drollery'

One like the phoenix throne, etc. In Holland's translation of Pliny's *Nat Hist* (xiii 4) we read "I myself verily have heard strange things of this kind of tree, and much in regard of the bird *Phoenix*, which is supposed to have taken that name of this date tree [called in Greek *phoenix*], for it was so used unto me that the said bird died with that tree, and revived of itselfe as the tree sprung again." Lyly, in his *Thoughts*, says "As there is but one phoenix in the world, so is there but one tree in Arabia wherein she buildeth" Florio, in his *Ital Diet*, defines "Rasin" as "a tree in Arabia, whereof there is but one found and upon it the phoenix sits" See also the opening lines of the poem of *The Phoenix and the Turtle*, in the *Poems in the Folio*.

Certes. Certainly The word was nearly obsolete in S's day He uses it only five times It is a favorite archaism with Spenser

I cannot too much muse That is, wonder at it. Cf *Much* iii 4 "Do not muse it me," 2 *Hen VI* iii 1 "I muse my lord of Gloster is not come," etc. We find the word also as a noun = wonderment, as in Spenser, *F Q* i 12, 29 - "he sate long time astonish'd, As in great muse"

Praise in departing A proverbial expression Praise given too soon may have to be retracted

Deu lapp'd like bulls Doubtless a reference to the victims of *goitre*, so common in mountainous districts, especially in some parts of Switzerland

Whose heads stood in their breasts Cf *Oil* i 3 "men whose heads do grow beneath their shoulders" Pliny (*Nat Hist* v 8) tells of men that have no heads, but mouths and eyes in their breasts, and Hakluyt, in his *Voyages* (1598), describes "a nation of people whose heads appear not above their shoulders" Bucknill (*Medical Knowledge of Shakespeare*) suggests that the poet "may only refer to the effect produced by forward curvature of the spine, in which the head appears to be set below the shoulders"

Each futter-out of five for one Thus in the folio Theo suggested "on five for one," which W adopts Malone (followed by D) reads "of one for five" Collier, K., the Camb editors, and H retain the reading of the folio, which may be explained as "*at the rate of five for one*" The allusion is to "a kind of inverted life insurance" which was in vogue in S's day. A traveller before leaving home *put out* a sum of money, on condition of receiving it o, three, or five times the amount upon his return If he did not return, of course the deposit was forfeited Cf Ben Jonson's *Every Man out of his Humour*, ii 3 "I am determin'd to put forth some five thousand pounds, to he paid me, five for one, upon the return of myself, my wife, and my dog from the Turks court in Constantinople If all or either of us miscarry in the journey, 'tis gone if we be successful, why, there will be twenty-five thousand pounds to entertain time withal"

Whom Destiny hath caused to belch up you On the supplementary pronoun, see Gr 249 *Up you* may be an accidental transposition, as W regards it, but see Gr 240

Hath to instrument *Hath for* or *as instrument* See on *A paragon to their queen*, ii 1

Such like See Gr 278

Their proper selves Their own selves Cf *Cymb* iv 2 "With my proper hand," etc.

The elements of whom Cf above (ii 1), "your eye Who hath cause," and see Gr 264.

Bemoock'd at Cf "hoped-for" (3 *Hen VI* v 4), "sued for" (*Cor* ii 3), "unthought-on" (*W T* iv 4), "unthought-of" (1 *Hen IV* iii 2), etc. See Gr 431

Still-closing Cf above (i 2), "still-vev'd Bermoothes," and see *Mer.* p 128.

Dowle A fibre of down The word is probably (see Wh) a corruption of *down* In 2 *Hen IV* iv 4, the folio has "I here lyes a downly feather," and in the next line "that light and weightlesse downe"

As I like invulnerable Alike invulnerable. Prof Allen (Phil. ed.) suggests printing it "like" (cf "לִּי" for "לִּי"), as he finds no example of *like-unlike*.

Requint Cf "Have quit it," 1 2, and see Gr 342

I am criss death Can be at once Than any death-at-once can be. For many similar examples of transposed "adjectival phrases," see Gr 419 a

Which I see else falls On the number of the verb, see Gr 247

I will This ellipsis of *there* is not uncommon. See Gr 404.

Clearest Pure, blameless. Cf *Laur*, iv 6 "the clearest gods." So in *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, i 1 "for the sake Of clear virginity."

With good life And observation *strange*. Johnson says: "*With good life* may mean 'with exact presentation of their several characters,' *with observation strange* 'of their particular and distinct parts.' So we say, 'I e acted to the life.' Or, *good life* may mean 'good spirit,' and *observation strange* 'wonderfully exact observance' [of my orders, or of the requirements of the part.] *Observation* is elsewhere = observance, as in *Al A D* iv 1 "I or now our observation is performed" On *strange* cf "strangely stood the test," iv 1

How they suppose is agreed Other examples of this confusion of two constructions are *A John*, iv 2 "Of Arthur, whom they say is killed to-morrow," and *Cor* iv 2 "The nobility . . . whom we see have sided" Cf *Mult* vii 13

Mine be a darling See Gr 238

Base Utter in a deep tone. W prints "base," but there can be no good reason for following the spelling of the folio

But one fiend Let but one fiend come

To assay This madness. In *Sustasy* "stands for every species of alienation of mind, whether temporary or permanent, proceeding from joy, sorrow wonder, or any other exciting cause" (Nares.)

ACT IV

SCENE I — A third of mine own life The folio reads "a third," which, as D remarks, "is rather an old spelling than a mistake in early books we occasionally find *third* for *third*, i e. *thread*" V. returns "third," but K, Sr, St W H, and others read "thread."

Who is again For *who* = *whom*, see *Mer* pp 131, 143, and Gr 274

From knot Alluding to the zone or girdle which was worn by murderers in classical times, and which the husband untied at the wedding. Hence *from knot* = to marry. Cf *Per* ii 3 "Untied I still my virgin-knot will keep."

After Laterally sprinkling. There is perhaps an allusion to the old custom of sprinkling the marriage bed with holy water in token of blessing.

Of penitence The recent is on the penult. Cf *Il T* iv 4 "And most precious to our need I have" See Gr 400

On a war *War* is used fifteen times. Can be "can

suggest," as some explain it, or *can* may be=to have power, to be able. See *Mer* p 133 (note on *May you stead me?*), and *Gr* 307

The edge of that day's celebration, etc. "The keen enjoyment of the celebration of our wedding-day" (Jephson)

Fairly spoke The -*n* or -*en* of the participle is often dropped by the Elizabethan writers See *Gr* 244

What would my potent master? See *Mer* p 135 (note on *How much you would*)

The rabble That is, "thy meaner fellows"

Some vanity Some illusion Cf the old romance of *Emare*

"The emperor sayde on hygh,
Suries, thus vs 1 mry,
Or ellys 1 myte"

Presently? Immediately See *Me* p 131

Mop and move The two words have the same meaning (see on *Mow*, n 2), and are often thus conjoined in writers of that day Cf B and F, *Pilgrim*, n 2

"What mops and moves it makes! heigh, how it frisketh!
Is't not 1 furr? or some small hob goblin?"

White-cold The folio has "white cold," but it is probably a compound adjective, like "sudden-hold" (*L L L* n 1), "fertile-fresh" (*M Wives*, v 5), "active-valiant" and "valiant young" (*1 Hen IV* v 1), etc See *Gr* 2

My liver The liver was anciently supposed to be the seat of love. Cf *Much Ado*, n 1 "if ever love had interest in his liver"

A corollary A surplus See *Wb*

Partly Briskly, promptly

Stover Fodder for cattle It has the same origin as the law term *estovers* (see *Wb*) In some parts of England, according to Jephson, it means hay made of clover *Thatch'd* probably means "covered, strewn," and not, as it has been explained, "having shelters thatched with straw"

Pion'd and liled The folio has "pioned, and twilled," which some editors have returned, explaining it as "dug and ridged" Steevens says that Spenser has *pioning*=digging Rowe changed "twilled" into "tulliped," and Capell into "tilled." Others have changed "pioned" to "pionied" and "peonied," but Dr Johnson gives "piony" as another form for "peony," and the spelling of the folio may as well stand The peony may not suit our modern taste as a flower for "chaste crowns," but old writers are quoted who call it "the mayden piony" and "virgin peonie." It has been objected that peonies and lilies do not bloom in April, but Boswell quotes Bacon's *Essay Of Gardens* "In April follow, The Double white violet, The Wall-Flower, The Stock-Gilly-Flower, The Couslip, Flower-De-lises, and Lillies of all Natures, Rose mary Flowers, The Tulippa, The Double Piony," etc.

Broom groves Groves in which broom (*Spartium scoparium*) abounds, though Steevens asserts that the broom itself sometimes grows "high enough to conceal the tallest cattle as they pass through it, and in places where it is cultivated still higher." Hamlet changed "broom" to "brown"

Lass-lorn Forsaken by his lass, or lady

Pole—Not "clipped so as to be trued to a pole" (as Jephson explains it) but with the poles *clipt*, or embraced, by the vines. S uses *clipt* (including *tript* once) fourteen times* in this obsolete sense, and only three times in its ordinary sense.—*Vineyard* is probably here a trisyllable. See Gr 487.

Wetly creek and messenger Iris was the goddess of the rainbow, and also the messenger of Juno.

It's too late thus, and to come. See on *Than to suffer*, in 1.

Her peacocks The chariot of Juno was drawn by peacocks, as that of Venus was by doves (see "Dove drawn," a few lines below).

In un Literally, *with main* (which we still use in "might and main"), that is, with strength or force, vigorously.

Sylvia *virgo* Cf Virgil, *Æn* 11 700 "Iris croceis pennis."

Bo'ly Wooded Cf Milton, *Com* 313 "every bosky bourn."

Esth Grant, or settle is a possession Cf *M A D* 1 1 "all my right of her I do estate unto Demetrius." See also *A V L* 1 2.

Th' new st' tansky Dis, etc. The means by which Pluto carried off Proserpina. See Ovid, *Met* 1 363 foll. For the epithet, cf the "atri Ditis" of Virgil (*Æn* 11 127), etc.

humbly Cf *M A D* 1 1. "therefore is wing'd Cupid printed blind," etc.

Lophos A city in Cyprus, one of the favorite seats of Venus.

I thought they to have done Cf below, "I thought to have told thee," and see Gr 360.

Mars's let minion Mars's ardent favorite. Venus was the wife of Vulcan, but loved Mars. *Minion*, originally equivalent to "darling" (*Fr* *amou*), came at length to mean "an unworthy object on whom an excessive fondness is bestowed." In Sylvester's *Du Bartas* (1605) we find "God's disciple and his dearest minion." So in Stirling's *Domesday* "Immortall minions in their Maker's sight."

Has true See on *Fairly spoke*, above.

I know her by her gait Cf Virgil, *Æn* 1 46. "divum incedo regina."

Marriage blessing So pointed in folio. Most of the editors print "marriage-blessing," which may be what S wrote.

Earth's increase, so son plenty The reading of the folio. The second folio has "and toison" which is adopted by many editors. See Gr 484.

All the early editions give the whole Song to Juno. Theo made the correction.

Servus comes to you etc. Cf *An* 15, 14 13.

Their abodes in air, earth, water, etc. Cf *Han* 1 1.

"Whether in sea or fire, in earth or air,
The extravagant and erring spirit hies
To his confine."

So new a way to'd father and a son Cf *A John*, 11 2 "So new a fashion'd role," *C of I* 11 2 "So fair an offer'd chum," etc. See Gr 122. The Phil. ed. states that some copies of the folio read "wise," and others "wine." The change must have been made while the book was

* The Phil. ed. says "this error" but one instance in *The Passionate Pilgrim* is "well."

printing, but which is the corrected reading can not now be determined. All the other folios have "wise" Rowe reads "wife," and is followed by Pope, Iheo, Capell, Johnson, and the *Var* eds, without note or comment. D gave "wise" in his 1st ed, but changes it to "wife" in the 2d K, on the other hand, has "wife" in the 1st ed and "wise" in the 2d Sr has "wife;" St., "so rare a wonder, and a father wise," the Camb editors, "wife," W and H "wise."

Winding brooks The folio has "windring," and it is doubtful whether we should read "wind'ring" or "winding"

Sedge'd crowns Cf Milton's description of the river-god Camus (*L* 104) "his bonnet sedge." Walker (*Crit Ex*) suggests "sedge" here.

Crisp channels Rippled or ruffled by the wind Cf Milton, *P L* 11 237 "the crisped brooks," and *Com* 984 "the crisped shades and bowers" Some explain it here as "curling or winding channels" Either interpretation is better than Jephson's "because of the crisply curled verdure on their banks"

Avoid! Depart, begone! Cf *A and C* 1 2 "Avoid, and leave him," *IV T* 1 2 "Let us avoid," etc. Cf *I Sam* viii 11

Distemper'd Disturbed, excited Cf *R and J* 11 3 "a distemper'd head," *K John*, iv 3 "distemper'd lords," etc. See Gr 439

Leave not a rack The folio has "rache" *Rack*, as applied to the clouds, is not the same word as *wreck* (=wreck (see *Wb*), but old writers often spelled them both "rack" or "rache" The critics are not agreed which is the word here The best plea for *rack* (=vapor) may be found in the Phila. ed, the best for *wrack* (or *wreck*) in D's 2d ed, vol 1, p 253 The weight of argument seems to me slightly in favor of the latter, which W adopts H takes the other view It may be remarked that we still have *rack*=*wrack* in "rack and ruin"

Made on See *Mer* p 143 (note on *Glad on't*), and Gr 181, 182

Presented Cues Represented, personated Cf *M Hrcs*, 11 6 "present the fairy queen." In *M A D* (iii 1 and 1 1) it occurs several times in this sense See also Milton, *H Pens* 99 "Presenting Thebes, or Pelops' line"

Unback'd colts Cf the description of the effect of music on "unhandled colts," *M of V* 1 1

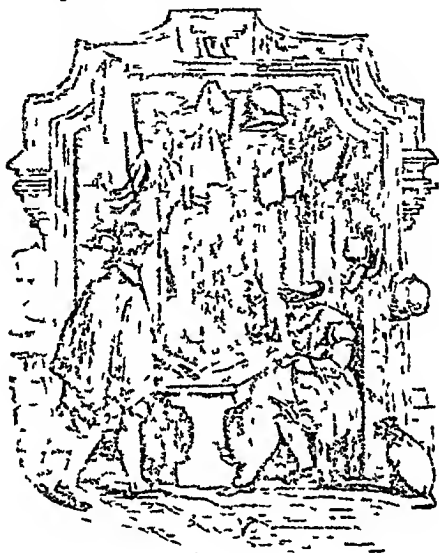
Bring it hither For the redundant *it*, see Gr 243, 417

Stale Decoy, bait Cf B and F, *Hum Lout* iii 2 "Stales to catch lutes," Sidney, *Acadiaz* "But rather one bird caught served as a stale to bring in more," Spenser, *F Q* 11 1 4 "the craftie stales did lay," etc.

Hang them on this line The folio has "on them" *Line* is the old name for the *lime* or linden tree, used below (1 1) in "lime-grove" Hunter (*New Illust*, vol 1, p 179) understands the tree to be meant here, but, as D has suggested, Stephano's joke, "Now, jerkin, you are like to lose your hair," has no point unless we assume the "line" to be a *hair lime* "Buy a hair-line" is one of the cries in an old wood cut of 1611, illustrating the trades and callings of that day, and in Lily's *Mides*, a barber's apprentice facetiously says, "All my mistres' lynes that she dries her cloathes on, are made only of Mustachio stuffe" (i e of the cuttings of moustaches)

Play d the Jack The Jack o'-lantern, or Will of-the-Wisp

Gr 15, line 1 My good lord. Cf *J C* 11 1 "Dear my lord," *R and J* 11 5 "sweet my mother," *T and C* 1 2 "O poor our sex!" See *Gr* 13 *I'll (curse)* See *Mer* p 152 (note on *You and I*), and *Gr* 209
Gr 15, line 2 *Shakespeare* 'O poor' An allusion to the old song "Take thy old cloak about thee, one stanza of which (quoted in *Oth* 11 3) begins, 'King Stephen was a worthy peer,' etc
A puffer A shop for second hand clothes.



To do For the construction, see *Gr* 356

Let's alone The reading of the folio Theo read "Let's along," which D adopts. Malone proposed "Let it (or Let t) alone," and is followed by Collier, V and H. W retains the old reading, explaining it thus: "Let us do the murder alone, without the Fool's aid." In m 2, Caliban says to Stephano

"If thy greatness will,
 Revenge it on him for I know thou dar'st,
 But this thing [Trinculo] dare not."

Jokin A kind of doublet

To lose your hair A quibbling allusion to the loss of hair from fever (or other disease) in crossing the line, or equator

P's off y's All of wit *Pass* (=thrust) is a term in fencing

Lime That is, bird lime

Lime-cake Probably not the shell fish, but the geese into which these were supposed to be transformed. Watson (*Whorehouse*, II, m 1) says

"like your Scotch Luncle, now a bloe!
 Justly a woman and presently a great goose."

For a full account of this old superstition, and an explanation of its origin, see Max Müller's *Lect on the Science of Language, Second Series*, pp 552-571 (Amer ed).

Villanous low See Gr 1

Lies at my mercy, etc See on *What cares these careers*, 11 D W, and H read "Lie," but there is no reason for changing the old construction *Lies* is found plural in S at least five times, in three of which the rhyme forbids any change

ACT V

SCENE I—*His carriage* His load, burden Cf *K John*, v 7 "For many carriages he hath despatch'd" See also *Judg's*, xiii 21, 1 *Sam* xvii 22, *Isa* x 28, *Acts*, xxi 15, etc

Lime-grove Changed by most editors to "lime-grove," but see on *Hang them on this lime*, iv 1

Weather-fends Defends from the weather See Gr 432

Till your release Till you release them *Your* is a "subjective genitive"

Him that you term'd On *him*=he, see Gr 208

His hairs run The reading of the folio Most editors have "run" See Gr 333

That wish all as sharply Passion That "feel everything with the same quick sensibility," or that are fully as sensitive to suffering

Ye elves, etc. Some expressions in this speech may have been suggested by Medea's speech in Ovid's *Metamorphoses* (book vii), which S had probably read in Golding's translation

"Ye wres and wundes, ye *elves of hills, of brookes, of woodes* alone,
Of standing lakes, and of the night, approche ye everych one,
Through help of whom (the crooked brykes much wondering at the thing)
I have compelled streames to run cleyn backward to their spring
By charmes I make the calm seas rough, and make the rough seas plyne,
And cover all the skie with clouds, and chase them thence again
By charmes I raise and lay the wundes, and burst the viper's jaw,
And from the bowels of the earth both stones and trees do draw
Whole woodes and Forrests I remove, I make the mountains shake,
And even the earth itself to groyn and fearfully to quake
I call up dead men from their graves, and thee O lightesome moone,
I darken off though beiten brass wale thy perill soone
Our sorcerie dimmes the morning faire and darks the sun at noone
The flaming breyth of fierie bulles ye quenched for my sake,
And caused their unwieldy neckes the bended yoke to take
Among the earth bred brothers you a mortal warre did set,
And brought asleep the dragon fell, whose eyes were never shet"

Green soursinglets "Fairy rings," or circles on the grass supposed to be made by the elves in their nightly dances Dr Grey (*Notes on S*) says they "are higher, sower, and of a deeper green than the grass which grows round them" They were long a mystery even to scientific men Priestley (1767) ascribed them to the effects of lightning, Pennant (1776) and others, to the burrowing of moles, by which the soil was loosened and thus made more productive, Wollaston (1807), to the spreading of a kind

of *terram*, or fungus, which enriches the ground by its decay. This last explanation is now known to be the correct one.

Mushrooms. The folio has the old form, "mushrumps."

Weak masters. This is commonly explained, "weak if left to yourself," though powerful auxiliaries (as we say that "fire is a good servant, but a bad master"), but Jephson thinks that "*masters* is only used ironically, is a term of slight contempt." Of the two interpretations I prefer the latter, but the "irony" is affectionate rather than contemptuous.

Iurd. See Gr 204.

I ur senses that. The senses of those whom. See Gr 218.

I solemn air, etc. May this solemn air, which is the best comforter, etc.

boiled. Cf *W A D* v 1 "scething brains," and *H T* m 3 "these boiled brains of nineteen and two and twenty."

Sympathizing with what appears in thine.

I'll fall by drops. Cf *U* 1 "to fall it on Gonzalo" Gr 291. On *fall* for *he*, see Gr 447.

Take. At (or with) a quick pace, rapidly, a compound, like *amain* (with mien or strength).

I will pay thy graces Home. I will repay thy favors to the utmost, or thoroughly. Cf *W for W* v 3 "Accuse him home and home" *Cymb* m 5 "satisfy me home," and v 2 "that confirms it home." We still say "charge home" (*Cor* 1 4) and "strike home" (*T A* u 1 and 3).

You, brother mine. On the use of *you* here, followed by *thou* in "I do forgive thee," etc., see Gr 232.

hemorrhoid and nature. Pity and natural affection. See *Mer* p 156, and cf *C of L* v 1 "was wrought by nature, not by vile offence."

he usual's store. Short of reason.

Disease me. Undress myself. Cf *H T* iv 3 "therefore disease thee." This reflexive use of the personal pronoun is common in *S*. See Gr 223.

Servant. Formerly. See *Mer* p 130.

Fly after summer. Cf *W A D* v 1 "Trip we after the night's shade" and Milton *Hymn of Nat* 236 "Fly after the night steeds," etc. Tuck changed 'summer' to 'sunset,' and other critics have made sad work of the Song by attempts to improve the pointing of the folio, which is essentially as I have given it, following V, W, D, and H. The meaning is well brought out by V. "At night, 'when owls do cry,' Ariel couches 'in a cowslip's bell,' and he uses 'the bat's back' as his pleasant vehicle to pursue summer in its progress round the world, and thus live merrily under continual blossoms." It has been objected that bats do not "fly after summer," but become torpid in winter, but, even if the poet had known this zoological fact, he might none the less have made Ariel use the creature for his purposes. The "trickey spirit" was not limited by natural laws.

Ben-jonin. For the construction, see Gr 376.

Or else. See note on the same phrase, i 2.

It is his. Another example of the old plural. See Gr 333, 336.

Trifles to abuse me. Pervious to deceive me. Cf *Ham* u 2 "Abuses me to diminish me." We have the same expression in *b* and *F* (*Bondua*, v 2) "In love too with time to abuse me."

I not know See on *I not doubt*, II 1, and cf. "the ewe not bites," etc.
Since I saw thee We should now say "have seen thee" See Gr

347
An if this be at all If indeed there be any reality in it "And if" in the folio See Gr 103, 105

Taste some subtilties of the isle "This is a phrase adopted from ancient cookery and confectionery. When a dish was so contrived as to appear unlike what it really was they called it a *subtily*. Dragons, castles, trees, etc., made out of sugar, had the like denomination" (Steevens)

Pluck Bring down. Cf *A W* III 2 "pluck his indignation on thy head"

Justify you traitors Prove you traitors Cf *A W* IV 3 "Second Lord How is this justified?" *First Lord* The stronger part of it by her own letters.

I am woe for't I am sorry for it. Cf *A and C* IV 14 "Woe, woe are we, sir" In *Cymb* I 5, we find "I am sorrow for thee" See Gr 230

Of whose soft grace By whose kind favor

As late As it is recent, but some explain it, "and as recent"

Supportab'l Accent on the first syllable. Cf "aestable" (*A John*, III 4, *T of A* IV 1) and "delectabl'" (*Rich II* II 3) Gr 492 Abbott himself is inclined to put it under 497 Steevens reads "portable," a word used by S in this sense in *Lear*, III 6, and *Macb* IV 3

Here I means For the transposition, see Gr 425

That they were lying "The subjunctive used optatively" Gr 364.

Myself were mudded, etc. For "myself" is subject, see *Mir* p 137 (note on *Yourself*) Cf III 3 "my son i' th' ooze is bedded, And with him there lie mudded"

Do so much admire Do so much wonder

Which was thrust forth of Milan See Gr 266 and 166

To content ye On ye, see Gr 236 *Content* (cf. the French *contenter*) often = "please" or "delight" in S Cf *Ham* II 2 "it doth much content me to hear him"

"*Here Prospero discourses Ferdinand and Miranda, playing at Chess*" Such is the stage direction in the folio. It is the only allusion to chess in S, unless there be a punning one in *T of S* I 1, where Katherine says, "I pray you, sir, is it your will to make a *stale* of me amongst these *mates*?" Steevens thinks that the introduction of the game here was suggested by the romance of *Ihuon de Bordeaux*, where "King Ihuon caused his daughter to play at the chesse with Ihuon," etc. But, as Prof. Allen suggests in an interesting *Excursus* in the Phila ed., even if S *did* take a hint from that old romance, it was probably because he was aware that there was a special appropriateness in representing a prince of *Naples* as a chess-player, since Naples, in the poet's day, "was the centre of chess-playing," and probably famed as such throughout Europe

Play me false Cheat me. Cf Gr 220

If this prove, etc. H says "The sense of this passage is not altogether clear. The word *not* seems wanting after *prove*, unless *if* have by some means got substituted for *but*. Alonso has lost his son once, and if this which he now sees prove *not* a mere vision, he will have to lose him

again I can see no difficulty in the passage. If this be a mere vision, his son is restored to him, and he must again give him up as lost.

I am hers That is, her father

Chalk'd out the way We should say "chalk'd out the way"

"Chalks successors their way"

No man was his own Was master of himself, or in his senses

Still embrace Ever embrace. See *Met* p 128

Here is more of us See on *There is no more such shapes*, 12

Safely found Our King and company That is, found them safe. Cf just below, "freshly beheld Our royal, good, and gallant ship" S often uses adverbs as "predicate adjectives," a fact not mentioned by Abbott, though he refers to the use of adverbs for adjectives after *is* (78). Cf above (iii 1), "look wearily" for "look weary." So in *M W*, ii 1: "looks so merrily," *A V L* 12 "he looks successfully," etc. But elsewhere we have "looks pale," "looks sad," "look stern," "look fair," etc. We find also the adjective for the adverb, as in *1 Hen VI* 12 "Merrily look gracious on thy prostrate thrall," etc. The two constructions are often confounded by good writers even in our day.

Give out split Give up is gone to pieces. In *2 Hen IV* 128, "given out these arms" means given them up.

See on Parity, 11

Trick Steevens (followed by Dyce) explains the word as "clever, adroit," Johnson as "pretty or engaging," others as "cunning, sportive," etc. Rich (*Dict*) defines it "trickish, artful, dexterous, adroit, active, smart," and cites Warner, *Am. Eng* 11 31.

"There was a tried sie gale, I wot,

Whit chid in grey,

As heart as bird, as strut as bould,

As fresh as flower in May."

Florio (*Ita' Di t*) defines *Prigolletta* as "quaint, pretty, nimble, true, tender small."

Dead of sleep The folio reading. Malone read "on sleep" (Cf *Arts* viii 36), but *on* and *of* were often used interchangeably, as indeed they still are by illiterate people. See Gr 180, 182. Abbott himself puts this under 168 (*of* = "as a consequence of").

But even now Just now. See Gr 38.

Several Separate, distinct, as in iii 1, and in 3.

Cheering to eye her Jumping for joy at the sight of her.

On a trice We say "in a trice," as S does elsewhere. In *Lear*, i 1, we have "in this trice of time."

Moping The folio has "moping" and some editors print "mopping" (=grimacing). The Phil. ed explains it rightly "Depressed and moping, because suddenly interrupted in the midst of their rejoicing, separated from their companions, and 'enforced' to go, whither they knew not, by some irresistible supernatural power."

Conduct of Conductor of. Cf *Rich II* 11 1 "I will be his conduct," *R and J* 3 "Come, bitter conduct, come, unsavoury guide!"

Beating on Cf 2 *Hen VI* ii 1 "thine eyes and thoughts Beat on a crown" Above (1 2) we have "For still 'tis beating in my mind"

Single I'll resolve you In private I will explain to you Prof Allen (Phila^d) suggests that *single* is here used as in "a single thing," 1 2 "In that case, the train of thought would be I here needs no such resort as you speak of to *divine* means (to an *oracle*) to rectify your knowledge, I alone—I, a mere weak *man*—will resolve your doubts"

Which to you shall seem probable Which *explanation*, etc. See Gr 271.

Of every These happen'd accidents See Gr 12 and 295

Coragio Courage (Italian)

These be See Gr 300, and cf iii 1 "There be some sports," etc.

Badges The stolen apparel they had on Johnson says "The sense is, 'Mark what these men wear, and say if they are honest'" "In the time of S all the servants of the nobility wore silver badges on their liveries, on which the arms of their masters were engraved" (Nares) Hence the allusion here and in several other passages in S Cf *Lucretia*, 1053

"To clear this spot by death, at least I give
A bridge of fame to slander's livery"

One so strong that, etc. For the relative after *such* and *so*, see Gr 279 Cf below, "Sail so expeditious that shall catch," etc.

Deal in her command, etc. "Act as her vicegerent without being authorized, or *empowered* so to do" (Malone) Jephson explains *without her power*, "though not equal to the moon in power"

Reeling ripe *Ripe* may be one of the many "slang" terms for *drunk*, or *reeling ripe* (ripe, or fit for reeling) may be a compound like *crying ripe*, *smiling-ripe*, etc Cf B and F, *Woman's Prize*, ii 1

"My son Petruccio, he's like little children
That lose their bristles, crying ripe"

This grand liquor, etc. An allusion to the "grand elixir," or *aurum potabile* of the alchemists, which they pretended would confer immortal youth upon him who drank it It was a joke of the time to compare sack to this elixir, and "gilded" is elsewhere found in the same sense as here In Fletcher's *Chances* (iv 3), in reply to the question, "Is she not drunk too?" we find, "A little gilded o'er, sir, old sack, old sack, boys"

I fear me Many verbs, now intransitive, were used by S reflexively See Gr 296, and cf. "retire me" just below

This is a strange thing, etc Steevens read "as strange a thing," but other examples of the ellipsis are to be found in S See Gr 276

Seek for grace Seek for pardon.

Go to See *Mer* p 136

The nuptial S always uses *nuptial*, if we except one passage in the very corrupt text of *Pericles* (v 3) On the other hand, he has *funerals* (cf the Latin *funera*, and the French *funérailles*) in *J C* v 4, and *T A* i 2 (1 in *Globe* ed.), though elsewhere his word is *funeral*

Our dear-belov'd solemniz'd This is the metre of the folio (as Boswell remarks), and is followed by D and W Collier, K, and H print it "dear-belov'd solemniz'd" But we have "solémnized" in *L L L* ii 1. "Of Jaques Falconbridge so-lem-nized" Cf the one instance of the word in

EPILOGUE.

It is well known that the Prologues and Epilogues of the English Drama are generally written by other persons than the authors of the plays, and White with good reason thinks that this Epilogue, though printed in the folio, bears internal evidence of being no exception to the rule. The thoughts are "poor and commonplace," and the rhythm is "miserable and eminently un-Shakespearian." It is apparently from the same pen as the Epilogue to *Henry VIII*—"possibly Ben Jonson's, whose verses they much resemble." The Epilogue to the *Second Part of Henry IV.* is another that is evidently not Shakespeare's; and it is a significant fact that, in the folio, these three Epilogues "are plainly pointed out as separate performances." "For in these plays the characters are all sent off the stage by the direction *Exeunt*, and the Epilogue is set forth as something apart from the play, being, in one case, separated from it by a single rule, in another by double rules, and in the third being printed on a page by itself, while in the other plays the *Exeunt* or *Exit* is not directed until after the Epilogue, which is included within the single border-rule of the page, no separation of any kind being made." A comparison of the various Epilogues shows that "this arrangement has no reference to the personage by whom the Epilogue is to be spoken," and, as no other explanation of it can be given, it is probable that the editors of the folio meant thus to indicate that the Epilogues are not Shakespeare's.

With the help of your good hands "By your applause, by clapping hands" (Johnson) Noise was supposed to dissolve a spell Cf above (iv. 1). "hush! be mute, Or else our spell is marr'd."

Unless I be reliev'd by prayer. "This alludes to the old stories told of the despair of necromancers in their last moments, and of the efficacy of the prayers of their friends for them" (Warburton) Jephson thinks it may be an allusion to "the custom, prevalent in S's time, of concluding the play by a prayer, offered up kneeling, for the sovereign."

Mercy itself The divine Mercy,

Frees all faults Frees from all faults See Gr 200.

K



CALIBAN [Act II, Scene 2]

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